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A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

The Strange Story of the Scarlet Masks---Love and Hate Entwined---The Dramatic Sequence of a Great Sin.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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SYNOPSIS.

[Gaspard and Helene de Fontenelle, twins, and since their mother's death reared by Madame Beaumont, are on their twenty-first birthday expecting a visit from their father. Instead Pedro Casello arrives and summons them to visit their dying father. They travel a long distance into the Forest of Fontainbleau with Pedro, and come to an old castle, the hidden seat of a band of robbers, known as the Scarlet Masks. They find that their father is chief of the robbers and is dying. He commands Gaspard to take his place as chief and avenge the wrongs done to the father and mother. He tells his children that in his youth he had lived with Count de Kercheval, whose son, a dissolute fellow, had married a rich cousin by whom he had a son and daughter, afterwards he ruined Gaspard's father by having him charged with theft in order to secure the ruin of young Mrs. Fontenelle, but the lady died of a broken heart and Fontenelle joined the Scarlet Masks and in time became their chief.]

CHAPTER III.

"I, chief of the Scarlet Masks?" cried Gaspard, in a low, startled voice.

Henri de Fontenelle half lifted himself upon the couch and his haggard eyes flashed.

"Why shrinketh thou, boy?" he cried, "does a coward's blood run in thy veins?"

Gaspard's cheeks flushed to crimson.

"I am no coward," he replied, gravely. "But the quiet, conventional life which has been mine hardly fits me for the wild, adventurous one upon which you would have me embark."

"It is in yourself, not in your environment, Gaspard," cried Helene, passionately. "My life has been the same as yours, and I am a woman, but my very soul cries out against my father's wrong, and my heart is on fire with the longing to avenge it. If I were but a man, my father, how proudly, gladly, would I become the chief of the Scarlet Masks."

"I am ready to do my father's bidding in all things," said Gaspard.

"Ah, 'tis well," murmured Henri de Fontenelle, as he sank weakly back upon the couch. "Listen. Shortly after I joined the Scarlet Masks, the old count died and Charles succeeded him. Almost immediately following upon the old count's funeral Charles left the chateau, and from that day, during twenty years, the home of his ancestors knew him not. All during these long years I have waited, for I knew the time would come when he would return. That day has come; hardly more than a week ago Charles, Count de Kercheval, returned to the chateau, accompanied by his young daughter, Marguerite. His wife is many years dead, his son, who is an officer in the King's Guards, spends the greater part of his time in Paris. I have learned, however, that he will shortly visit the chateau. Gaspard, you must strike Charles, Count de Kercheval, through the son whom he dearly loves. Kill him, that his father's head may be bowed with sorrow. Then will my wrong be avenged."

Henri de Fontenelle's voice was growing weaker and weaker.

"Summon Pedro, who is just without," he panted.

Gaspard crossed the room and put aside the heavy silk curtains.

"My father desires your presence," he said to the man, Pedro, who stood, with folded arms, near the doorway.

Pedro entered the room and approached the couch.

"Pedro," said the dying man, "it is my wish that my son succeed me as Chief of the Scarlet Masks. Gaspard, Pedro will be your friend, your instructor."

Gaspard inclined his head in assent.

Pedro's eyes were fixed upon Helene, as she knelt by her father's side. She was very lovely, the bold, haughty lines of her face softened by womnaly tenderness and pain as she bent over the dying man on the couch.

"Gaspard, Helene, my dear children, adieu," murmured Henri de Fontenelle. "Gaspard, I leave thee Chief of the Scarlet Masks. Remember!"

There was a shudder through the long, sinewy form, one long, panting breath and the soul of Henri de Fontenelle, Chief of the Scarlet Masks, had fled.

"He is dead," said Pedro, while Helene's tears fell fast upon the white, still face.

"Come with me," continued Pedro, turning to Gaspard. "I must announce to the men the death of the chief; also introduce to them their new chief."

Gaspard turned from the couch and followed Pedro from the room.

The latter led the way to the center of the big hall. There he paused and lifted his hand to command attention. Utter silence followed and Pedro spoke:

"Brothers, our chief is dead," he said.

Gaspard lifted his eyes and looked upon the faces about him. They were bold, hardened faces, but upon one and all there was a look of genuine grief.

"It was the wish of our chief that his son, who stands before you, should succeed him," continued Pedro. "What say you all? If there are any among you who look not with favor upon this let them now stand forth and make known their objections."

There was not a dissenting voice raised; on the contrary, there was an unanimous murmur of approval. Henri de Fontenelle had been well loved by his rough followers and they were pleased that his son should succeed him. Men of all nationalities composed the bandits of the Scarlet Masks; there were young men, hardly more than boys; middle-aged men and old men, whose shoulders were bowed and whose heads were white.

Gaspard felt that he should speak in his new capacity, but no words, appropriate to the occasion, suggested themselves.

"My men," he at length said, "it was my father's wish that I should succeed him as your chief. That you so unhesitatingly and unanimously receive me as such proves how deep and sincere your affection was for my father. I shall endeavor to treat every man of you with justice and only ask the same in return."

Again there was a murmur of approval, which would have been a great cheer, but for the dead form behind the rich curtains.

"I wish now to return to my sister," said Gaspard to Pedro, and the latter led the way back to the room where the dead lay.

Helene still knelt beside the couch.

Gaspard drew the girl to her feet and, as she rested her head against his shoulders, looked anxiously into her white face and weary eyes.

"Helene, you must go at once and rest," he cried.

"I will send Hortense to attend upon Mademoiselle," said Pedro, and he passed from the room.

"Hortense," repeated Gaspard, eagerly. "Then there is a woman here. I am glad of that, short though your stay here will be."

"My stay here be short, Gaspard," cried Helene. "What do you mean, my brother?"

"Why, you will, of course, return to Madame Beaumont as soon after the burial of our father as is practicable," replied Gaspard.

A faint smile passed over Helene's pale lips.

"Gaspard, do you know me so little after all?" she asked. "I shall never return to Madame Beaumont; that life is over and done with for me. Nothing, save death, can ever separate me from you, Gaspard."

"But, Helene, my dearest sister, you must have forgotten that my lot is now cast with these outlaws," cried Gaspard. "It is like tearing my heart from my body to be separated from you, but it must be, for you know it is quite impossible for you to remain here with me."

"Why impossible?" asked Helene, quietly. "It appears that another woman dwells here, and, even if this were not so, I would still remain. Gaspard, it is quite useless to try to dissuade me from my purpose," and Gaspard, understanding her as he did, knew she would carry out her purpose. "I shall love this wild, free life," cried Helene, her tired eyes lighting. "I hate conventionality. Did I not tell you only this morning that the life we have led was driving me mad?"

"Here is Pedro," murmured Gaspard, whose boyish face was anxious and perplexed.

Pedro entered, followed by a woman. The brother and sister looked, with interest, at the latter.

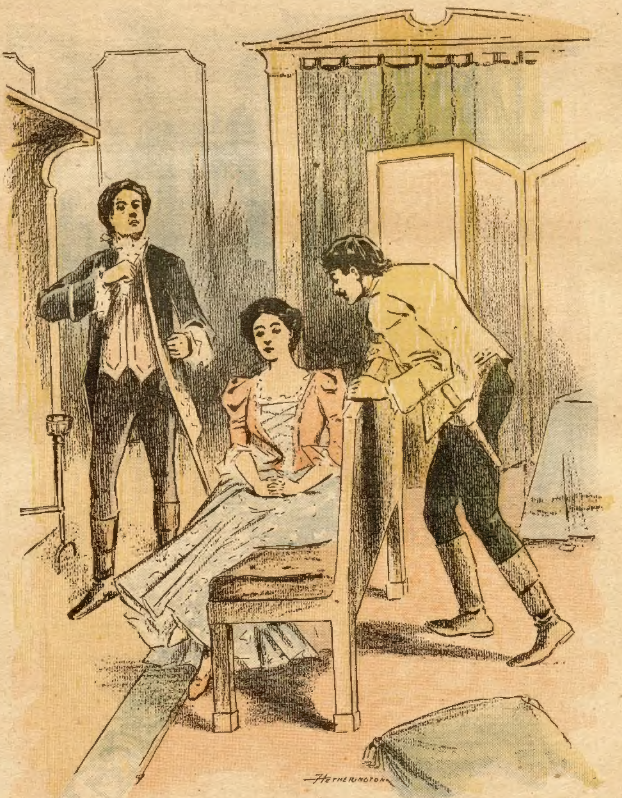
She was a woman about twenty-five years of age, tall, lithe and graceful of form. Her face was fair and entirely destitute of color, save the passionate red of the lips. Her eyes were a light gray, but her brows and lashes were black. Her hair was of a pale shade of gold. She was dressed simply, but with a touch of picturesqueness.

"If you will accompany Hortense, mademoiselle," said Pedro, "she will attend upon your wants and make you comfortable."

Helene bent over the couch, kissed her father's cold brow, then turned to Gaspard, pressed her lips tenderly to his cheek and followed Hortense from the room.

In the hall without those of the bandits who were not sleeping, talked together in earnest, subdued tones.

Hortense led the way to where the hall narrowed into a sort of corridor, with doors upon either side. One of these the woman opened and Helene found herself in a room furnished with draperies and rugs and couches, as was her father's, though



Pedro's bold black eyes were bent upon Helene.

less richly, while many things in this room were suggestive of female occupancy.

"I am forced to have mademoiselle share my apartments," said Hortense. "There is no other apartment suitable for mademoiselle."

The woman had a very low, soft, sweet voice. There was something about it, notwithstanding its extreme sweetness, which affected Helene unpleasantly.

"Thank you, I hope I shall not incommode you until other arrangements can be made," said Helene.

Hortense gave her a quick look, and her scarlet lips parted eagerly as though she were about to make some inquiry. She evidenly thought better of it, however, for her eyes dropped and she remained silent.

Helene was now conscious of her utter fatigue. She sank down upon a couch and almost instantly fell into a deep sleep.

The woman, Hortense, moved softly forward and stood gazing down upon her.

Though fatigue and grief had robbed Helene's cheeks and lips of much of their coloring, she was still very beautiful. Her heavy dusky hair had been unbound and swept the pillow to the floor; the dark, curling lashes lay heavily upon the faint rose-tint of her cheeks.

"She is very beautiful," murmured Hortense. "And how very like the handsome stripling who is to be our chief. It is long since I have spoken to one of my own sex, heard the sound of a woman's voice. What did she mean by speaking of other arrangements being made for her? She surely does not think of remaining here. But, no, that is absurd. Such a life would be unendurable to one who has been brought up as she has been. Why, after so carefully guarding his children from all knowledge of his manner of life, did the chief thus make it known to them? He had too strong a will to do so simply through a weak yearning to see them once more before he died. And then after so carefully rearing his son, to make him Chief of the Scarlet Masks. 'Tis all very strange. Well, I will leave her sleeping; I may be wanted to help in the preparations for the burial of the chief. Ah, I deeply regret his death; he was good to me," and she sighed deeply.

She crossed the room, opened the door, and found herself face to face with Pedro.

"You again?" she murmured, and a faint flush rose under the fair pallor of her face.

"How fares it with the girl?" he asked. "Have you made her comfortable, given her everything that she requires?"

"She did not appear to require anything save sleep," replied Hortense. "She is utterly worn out, and at once threw herself on the couch and fell asleep."

"Ah, that is well!" cried Pedro. "Sleep will be of more benefit to her than anything else. But when she does awaken give her the daintiest and best. You understand, Hortense?"

"Yes, I understand," replied the woman, quietly.

Her soft gray eyes were lifted for a moment to his dark face as he towered above her. "Tell me," she added, after a moment, as her eyes drooped, "is this young girl to remain with us, Pedro?"

"That I do not know," he replied, quickly. "But from the little insight I have had of her character, I believe that she will choose to remain."

A slight flush crept into his swarthy face, his eyes lighted eagely.

"Would you not be glad of a companion of your own sex, Hortense?" he asked.

"I do not know," replied the woman, in her sweet, low voice.

Pedro shrugged his broad, massive shoulders. Then, with a careless nod, turned on his heel and left her.

The day was breaking when Helene fell asleep. She did not awaken until the afternoon. She started up and gazed bewilderedly about her. Hortense came forward and approached the couch.

"I thought it was all a dream," murmured Helene, pushing the heavy hair back from her brow. "Is it twilight?" she added, for the room was dim and shadowy, now that the lights were extinguished.

"No mademoiselle, 'tis only about two o'clock in the afternoon," replied Hortense. "The sunlight cannot penetrate the thick trees which surround us," she added; "we dwell always in the shadows," and a faint, strange smile parted her scarlet lips.

Helene had risen to her feet.

"Your brother has been several times to inquire for you," continued Hortense. "But would not allow me to disturb you while you slept."

"My poor Gaspard," though Helene, "how lonely and desolate he must feel. To me the wild life of the bandit, so full of danger and adventure, would be delightful, while Gaspard, I am sure, would return most gladly to Madame Beaumont and the old monotonous existence."

"I will bring you some refreshment, mademoiselle," said Hortense, moving towards the door. "You will find here all that you require for your toilet."

She passed out.

Helene looked about her and found the room furnished with a miscellaneous collection of toilet appurtenances, some simple, others very costly. It was evident that the bandits of the Scarlet Masks did not confine their operations to waylaying and robbing travelers.

In a short while Hortense returned with a tempting little repast to which Helene did full justice. She had just finished when there was a knock upon the door, followed by the entrance of Gaspard.

CHAPTR IV.

Hortense took up the tray and left the room.

Gaspard, whose boyish face looked pale and haggard in the gray light, bent tenderly to kiss his sister as she came forward to meet him.

"You have had a good rest, dear, and look quite yourself again," he said, as his eyes rested a little wonderingly upon her face, which had regained upon cheeks and lips its rich bloom.

"Yes," replied Helene, "I feel quite like myself. I am very strong, you know, and can endure a great deal, more than most women, I am inclined to think. But how pale you are, Gaspard. Have you also slept and rested?"

"I slept a little," replied Gaspard, evasively. "Helene, our father will be buried at four o'clock this afternoon."

"Where do they bury him?" asked Helene.

"Pedro tells me that they have a sort of burying ground for the interment of the bandits," replied Gaspard. "I imagine that this place is a castle, partly in ruins, standing in the heart of the Forest of Fontainebleau. Helene," and his voice grew low and troubled, "are you still determined to remain here?"

"Why should you imagine that I may have changed my mind?" said Helene, quietly. "Gaspard, you cannot love me much or you would not desire to send me from you."

"It is because I love you so dearly that I desire to send you away from this place," he cried, passiontely. "To be separated from you would indeed mean sorrow for me, but I should at least know that you are safe, while here——"

"I shall aslo be safe," she interrupted him, proudly. "I thought that this matter was settled, my brother. Let us speak of it no more."

He sighed deeply.

She suddenly threw her arms tenderly about his neck and kissed him.

"It would break my heart to be separated from thee, my Gaspard," she murmured. "Your life must be full of danger, and, if I cannot share it, at least, I shall be always near thee."

He smiled faintly, and laid his hand caressingly upon her heavy, dusky hair, but the troubled lock deepened in his eyes, as they lingered upon his sister's brilliant face.

"I have been making some inquiries relative to this woman, Hortense," he said. "I was curious only, because if you remain here, you will be thrown into close companionship with her."

Helene smiled a little wearily. Gaspard did not appear to realize that conventionality must be thrown aside in the retreat of the bandits of the Scarlet Masks. She made no remark, however, and Gaspard continued:

"She is the only woman, save yourself, who has ever entered here. It seems that her father, an Englishman, and a physician, joined the Scarlet Masks ten years ago, bringing with him his daughter, then a girl of fifteen. He never spoke of his past life. It is generally believed among the bandits that he had been guilty of some crime which forced him to flee from his country. He died about three years ago. Hortense, Pedro says, has always appeared perfectly contented; has never expressed any desire to leave the retreat since the death of her father. I do not suppose she would be allowed to leave even if she wished to do so. These men would hardly place their lives in the hands of a woman who knows as much as this one does. She might not be able to resist the temptation to betray them for the sake of reward. For the chief of the bandits alone, dead or alive, the king offers a reward of fifty thousand francs," and Gaspard smiled faintly.

A troubled look passed momentarily over Helene's beautiful face.

"There has never been a traitor among the Scarlet Masks?" she said.

"Yes, there was one," replied Gaspard. "About five years ago a young Frenchman named Francois, was about to betray our father for the sake of the reward of fifty thousand francs. His treachery was discovered, however, and he was tied to a tree and fairly riddled with bullets."

Helene'e eyes flashed with a cold, hard lock.

"It was too easy a death for him," she said; "he should have been tortured first."

The door opened and Hortense entered, followed by Pedro.

The latter went quickly up to Helene, his dark eyes passionately seeking her face.

"I hope that you are quite rested, mademoiselle," he said, with a courtesy and gentleness which sat oddly upon him.

Hortense stood a little apart, watching him through half-closed lids.

"I am quite rested, thank you," replied Helene, as she lifted her eys and, quietly, coolly, met his.

He lowered his bold eyes and said abruptly, brusquely:

"The burial of your father will take place shortly. The coffin will soon be placed in the hall so that the men may look upon him."

"So we had best go now and take leave of our father in private," said Helene. "Come, Gaspard," and she passed from the room, followed by Gaspard.

Pedro stood motionless, his heavy brows drawn together in deep thought. Suddenly he threw back his head and his eyes flashed with passionate exultation.

"It shall be so," he muttered, "the word, failure, has no meaning for Pedro."

"What sayest thou, Pedro?" murmured the low, sweet voice of Hortense.

Pedro started and then frowned impatientl. He had forgotten the presence of the woman who had moved to his side and laid her long, slender fingers upon his arm.

"You remind me at times of a cat or a tigeress, Hortense, with your quiet, stealthy movements," he exclaimed, as he roughly shook her hand from his arm. "I did not know that I spoke my thoughts aloud. They do not concern you."

He turned from her and passed out of the room. The rich scarlet had faded from the woman's lips.

"What does it mean?" she whispered. "Has this girl bewitched him?"

In the meanwhile Gaspard and Helene had entered the chamber where the dead chief lay. The coffin, in which he rested, was covered with rich purple velvet and lined with heavy white satin.

Gaspard involuntarily shrank back as his eyes rested upon the beautiful coffin, with its costly trappings, as the thought forced itself upon him that the rich fabrics which encased his father's form were the spoils of depredation and crime.

"Alas, I must learn, to be hard and callous," he murmured, "for is not my life vowed to crime? Is there not already a price upon my head while my hands are still unstained? Sometimes I feel that I am but dreaming, and shall awaken to find myself in my quiet chamber in the villa. Oh, God! To be suddenly hurled from that life to this!"

He approached the coffin and stood beside Helene.

The dead chief was clad in the dark attire worn by the bandits when abroad. The long black cloak was wrapped around his shoulders, against which the folded hands gleamed like marble. There was one spot of color amid all the sombreness, a dash of crimson over the dead man's heart—a scarlet mask.

Gaspard shuddered.

"Ah!" he murmured, "so he must carry even down into the grave that symbol of crime—the bandit's insignia. Some day I shall also lie thus, with a crimson mark upon my heart."

Helene, suddenly lifting her tear-filled eyes, was startled at the pallid anguish of Gaspard's face. Youth seemed to have vanished from it, and in that moment, it was strangely like the dead face, and almost as colorless.

A sickening sense of dread, perhaps a vague premonition of what was to come, stole over Helene. She caught Gaspard's arm.

"Gaspard, brother! What is it?" she faltered. "Are you ill? You look so strange."

"I am not ill, dear," he replied. "I am only sad. I am looking upon my father."

His answer reassured her and she turned again to the dead. For some moments brother and sister gazed in silence upon the still, white face. Then Helene bent and kissed the marble brow.

"Come, let us go now," she said to Gaspard. "Our father has gone forever."

After Gaspard and Helene had passed from the room the coffin was carried into the great hall, and one by one the bandits, in their black garb, approached and looked upon the dead face of their chief.

Then the coffin was closed. The great doors were thrown wide open, six of the bandits lifted the coffin and bore it forth.

Gaspard and Helene followed immediately behind, then came Pedro and Hortense, then two and two came the bandits, numbering about seventy-five men.

As they passed out of the old castle Gaspard lifted his head and looked curiously about him. In front of the castle was a large open space, part of which had been enclosed for a graveyard. The great trees of the forest grew densely about the rest of the castle and enclosed the clearing like a great wall.

In vain Gaspard looked for the bridle path by which they had approached the retreat. There was none to be seen, only an unbroken line of trees, with dense foliage and heavy undergrowth.

The picturesque funeral train moved towards the graveyard, and the coffin was placed beside an open grave. As they were about to lower the coffin into the grave, Gaspard disengaged himself from his sister, and stepped to the head of it.

"One moment," he said, lifting his hand. "I cannot see my father's body consigned to the earth without a single prayer said above it."

Then, in a low, earnest voice, he slowly repeated the Lord's Prayer.

The golden sunlight fell upon his dark, uncovered head, and pale, uplifted face.

Helene caught her breath as she looked upon him. He wonderfully resembled pictures she had seen of the young martyrs.

Pedro gave a quick glance around at the faces of the men.

"This stripling will get himself into ill favor," he thought. "The men don't want a praying chief."

When the Lord's Prayer was finished Gaspard laid his hand upon the rich velvet of the coffin.

"I consign my father's body to the earth," he said, "and may God have mercy on his soul."

He then stepped back to his sister's side and the bandits proceeded to lower the coffin into the grave.

It was soon over and hand in hand brother and sister turned away from the new-made grave.

CHAPTER V.

Gaspard and Helene sat together in their father's room.

It was the evening of the day following the funeral.

Suddenly Pedro abruptly entered the room and approached the couch upon which the brother and sister sat.

"De Fontenelle," he said, and his eyes rested searchingly upon Gaspard's face as he spoke, "tomorrow Armande de Kercheval will pass through the forest on his way to the Chateau de Kercheval."

Quietly, unflinchingly, Gaspard lifted his eyes and met the ones bent upon him.

"You know of the wrong my father suffered at the hands of the Count de Kercheval?" he said.

"Yes," replied Pedro; "your father confided all to me and his reason for desiring you to succeed him as Chief of the Scarlet Masks."

"Then it only remains for me to say to you that I am ready to do my father's bidding, to avenge him," said Gaspard quietly.

For the first time Pedro looked with something like approval to the slender, upright form and boyish face.

"Our boy-chief is no coward, after all," he thought. "Very good," he said, aloud. "Now, a word as to our plans. Armande de Kercheval will come from Paris on horseback accompanied only by his servant. It is his intention to remain but a few days at the chateau. You, myself and two of our men will lie in wait for him at a certain point which he will very likely reach about one o'clock in the afternoon. Our plan of attack will, of course, be governed by circumstances; but it is understood that your hand shall deal death to Armande de Kercheval."

Helene, who had been listening with sparkling eyes, now spoke, for the first time.

"Gaspard, how I envy you!" she cried. "Ah! If I were but a man no hand but mine should strike the blow which will bow with the sorrow the head of the man who ruined our father. But, tell me," she added, turning to Pedro, "how did you obtain such close information in regard to Armande de Kercheval's movements?"

Pedro smiled grimly.

"Ever since the return of the Count de Kercheval one of our men has lived as a servant at the cheateau," he replied. "Through him we obtained our information. It seems that Armande de Kercheval notified his family of the time and manner of his coming. I was not sure that he would do this, and had rather reckoned upon waylaying him upon his return to Paris."

"Does Armande de Kercheval know of the bandits of the Scarlet Masks?" asked Helene. "If so, is it not odd that he should venture through the forest accompanied only by a servant?"

Pedro shrugged his shoulders.

"I think it is probable that he has heard of the Scarlet Masks," he replied. "But from all I have learned of him he is very brave, daring and proud. We shall take him by surprise, however, and not afford him much chance of resistance. It is our rule never to waste time."

A look of pain clouded Gaspard's haggard eyes.

"So," he thought, "it's a coward's advantage I am expected to take of this man who is too fearless and proud to use any precautions against the probability of an attack from these outlaws. But how could I expect it to be otherwise? These men are but robbers and assassins, and, after tomorrow I shall be one also. Ah, I must always remember that but for the father of this Armande de Kercheval such a heritage of shame would never have been mine, and then my hand will be strong to strike even the cowardly blow of the assassin. I shall then forget my desire to meet in fair fight this Armande de Kercheval and leave to heaven whether his life or mine shall pay for his father's wrong."

He was aroused from his gloomy thoughts by the following words from Pedro addressed to Helene:

"Mademoiselle, am I wrong in supposing that it is your intention to remain with us?"

Pedro's bold, black eyes were bent eagerly, passionately upon Helene as he awaited her answer.

Gaspard's pale cheeks flushed with sudden anger. With difficulty he controlled a mad desire to strike the Italian across his insolent mouth.

"Yes," quietly replied Helene, "I shall remain here with my brother."

A dusky red flush rose in Pedro's swarthy cheek, his eyes fairly glowed.

Gaspard watched him silently, his hands clenched, his teeth set.

"The daughter of our dead chief will be most heartily welcome among us," said Pedro, his voice more eloquent than his words. "I shall have a room prepared for you tomorrow, mademoiselle."

"Thank you," said Helene, coolly, and shortly after Pedro left the room.

Helene lifted her eyes to her brother's face. Gaspard had started restlessly to his feet some time before Pdro took his departure.

"Gaspard, what is the matter?" asked Helene. "How strange you look. I have never seen you look this way before."

"No," he cried, passionately, "for never before have such feelings torn my soul. Helene, sister," and he cast himself down beside her on the couch, "you must not, you shall not, remain here. My God! Do you not see that this fellow, Pedro, is madly, desperately infatuated with you?"

The girl lifted her head proudly.

"Well," she said, coldly, "allowing that what you say be true—what of it? This man's infatuation is nothing to me."

"Helene, you do not appear to realize what it may mean to you," said Gaspard desperately. "We are both in this man's power and every day that passes makes stronger his power over us. You still have a chance to escape from this place, but if you remain a little while longer it will be too late. They will claim that you know too much to be allowed your liberty."

"What do you mean by asserting that we

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are in Pedro's power?" asked Helene, with a frown. "Are you not Chief of the Scarlet Masks? Must not he, as well as all the rest, obey you?"

Gaspard smiled bitterly.

"These men have accepted me as their chief only because of the love they bore my father," he replied. "I bear the name, but it is Pedro who is in reality their chief."

"I believe that you are utterly wrong," said Helene, decidely. "Your reasoning is at fault. I feel convinced that the same feeling which caused them to accept you so unhesitatingly and unanimously as their chief will also make them faithful to you unto death. Oh," and her eyes lighted, "if we could but changes places. I could so manage these men, that bold, daring, wicked as they are, still would they be but mere puppets in my hands."

He gazed at her with haggard eyes, the old feeling of helplessness stealing over him. How useless it was to dash himself against the inflexibility of a will which, dearly as she loved him, he could never break.

"It all may be as you say," he said, wearily. "But the very thought of this man's presumptuous passion for yourself fills me with dread, with rage and indignation. I could hardly restrain myself, a little while ago, when his insolent eyes rested so devouringly upon you, from springing at his throat."

Helene smiled. There was something in his mood which appealed to her.

"I am very glad you did not yield to such madness," she said. "Leave this man Pedro to me. I am quite able to look out for myself, believe me. I am going to leave you now, and you must sleep. Tomorrow you want a clear head and steady hand. Good-night."

She rose to her feet, stooping to press her lips tenderly to his brow, her dark eyes softening to infinite tenderness.

"My own Gaspard, good-night," she whispered. "Sleep well."

But Gaspard, Chief of the Scarlet Masks, did not sleep well. In vain he wooed sleep. The long dark hours of the night were passed alternately pacing the floor and tossin restlessly upon his couch.

Just as the day was breaking he fell into an exhausted slumber.

A heavy hand upon his shoulder awakened him and he started up, to find Pedro standing beside the couch, looking down upon him.

"'Tis nearly time to set forth," he said; "arise."

This thrilling and extraordinary story will be continued next week. The Ledger makes a special premium offer on page fifteen.

◆

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

By Elroy D. Farquhar.

O'er the woods all rough and broken,
Where no word by man is spoken,
  Midnight reigns and all is still.
Rising from the silent river,
Where the moon-beams dance and waver,
  A ghost-like fog creeps up the hill.
From out the fog and darkening shadows
There comes a low cry full of sadness—
  Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill.

Now it comes from some dark canon;
Now above on unseen pinion,
  Through the gloom it seems to thrill;
Now along the dark, cold river
Where the moon-beams dance and waver,
  Among the reeds I hear it still;
And then some distant hill-top gaining
It seems to come as though complaining—
  Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill.

How I love the wilds of Nature,
Love the haunts of this sad creature
  By each stream and rippling rill!
How I love to hear it calling
While the evening shades are falling,
  As if to lead me onward still!
So sweet and low the sound comes wailing
As down the sky the moon is sailing—
  Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill.

◆

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

It came to pass that there were born unto Ezra and Lucy Whittlesy two boys, William and John, who grew to youth's estate on the old farm in Oakland county.

John was a home boy. His happiest days were those on which he hoed and weeded. With William it was different. He was like unto neither his mother nor his father. He was just William. He read, long into the night, by the kerosene lamp in the sitting room, stories of adventure and of youths going forth into the world in search of fortune and of fame. He longed for a wider field. He dreamed of conquests, of piles of gold, of explorations into unknown countries, and of experiences in life such as never entered the mind of plodding John. He detested the sorry life of the farm, with the homely environment, the old, old routine, day in, day out, and finally, after several years of uncomplaining servitude, he determined to run away.

He was 18 then. For two years he had saved every penny, every nickel, every dime that had fallen in his way, and ere long noted that the dollars were taking care of themselves in a little company of their own. There were forty-two of them in the stone jar on the shelf at the head of his bed.

"I will do it!" he exclaimed to himself, in the dim darkness. "I will do it——"

His thoughts were broken in upon by the cry of a woman down below, at the foot of the stairs.

"William, William, it's time to go for the milk."

"Ah, me!" murmured the boy to himself, "another night has come. I must trudge, trudge on, through snow, through sunshine, and through rain, to that old farmhouse nearly two miles down the turnpike for milk. But this shall be my last walk—"

"William, William, ain't yew ever goin' fur that milk?"

Again the feminine voice from the foot of the stairway.

"Yes, mother, I'm comin' now."

The boy dropped all the $42 into his trousers pocket, and, after placing the stone jar back on its shelf at the head of the bed, slowly shambled down the stairs.

"There's th' pail, William," said his mother, pointing toward the table drawn up by the kitchen window.

William took it and passed out into the deepening darkness. As he walked down that road the whole eighteen years of his monotonous existence, called life, unrolled themselves before his mind's eye. He remembered the old swimming hole, the eager hunts for birds' nests in the days agone, the "stone bruise" he carried to school with him all one spring, and the beech whistles he used to make at recess.

And the squirrel hunts and the games of youth, all the different scenes of his life were enacted again for him in the playhouse of his memory. And at the end he said to himself: "Well, it's all over now, for tonight I shall go away. Never again will William take home the night's milk. This is my last walk."

He stumbled along the rocky path to the milk house on Green's farm, and then he trudged back over that country road. The moon was rising. Already a soft, silvery light flecked the foliage of the woods on the left, and cast shimmering shadows on the stone walls.

And William dreamed of the wealth of the Indies that would one day be his, of the fame, the glory, and the great good name that awaited him out in the world, beyond the ken of life on the Whittlesy farm.

Suddenly the boy stopped—so suddenly, indeed, that the frothing milk slopped over the top of the pail and fell in two splashes, one on the road, the other on his trousers.

"I shall not go home. I shall leave now!" he cried.

He walked to the edge of the road and peered into the white, lighted woods. "I must hide the pail," he said. "But where?"

For a moment he stood in the shadow, thinking.

"I remember!" he exclaimed. "The old blasted tree trunk. I will put the pail there."

He walked a few rods further up the road and then sheered off into the woods. By and by he came out into the moonlight again. He carried out the plan that had suggested itself to his mind. The milk pail had been placed in the old tree trunk.

Then William turned and went back down the country road.

"Yes," the station agent at the crossing told him, "there will be a train along for the west in thirty minutes."

William Whittlesy had dreamed of Colorado, and 'twas there he meant to go. An hour later he was rolling on his way.

And the years came and went.

Not a word was ever received by the Whittlesys from William. And after many months they came to regard him as dead, and no longer hoped that one day his form might again darken the kitchen door.

With William all went well. He pushed his way west. He succeeded in his first venture, and five years had not elapsed before his name had come to be known throughout the mining country. Often he thought of that home back in Michigan, and frequently he said to himself, "I will write." Then something would interfere with the carrying out of his intention, and no word would be sent back. Thus the days and weeks and years sped on until a fifth of a century had passed.

William Whittlesy had accumulated $100,000 in the twenty years he had lived and toiled in Colorado, and one day the desire came to him stronger than ever to go back to his old home and gaze once again into the old eyes of father and mother.

So he returned.

Alone and unknown, the man wended his way along the country road to the old house on the hill. He had crossed the lane below the woods when he recollected that pail of milk that he had hidden in the hollow log twenty years before.

"I wonder if the pail is there yet," he said to himself, and smiled at the thought. "I'll see."

He remembered the spot as distinctly as though he had but left the day before. He went to the blasted trunk, kicked away the stones and moss and twigs, and looked down. Yes, it was there; but in it nothing. He lifted out the old tin pail, its sides all full of holes eaten by time and rust, and continued on up the road.

"I shall knock at the kitchen door," he said to himself, "and when mother answers I shall say: 'Here is the milk.'" And William Whittlesy laughed aloud.

The house appeared unchanged. To be sure, there were honeysuckles growing up the back porch that had not been there when he went away, but twenty years is sufficient time for honeysuckles to live and die.

William Whittlesy ascended the steps quietly and knocked at the door. It was opened by a kind-eyed old lady. William thrust forward the rusty, battered pail and said: "Mother, here's the milk."

The woman looked at him with wonder in her eyes.

"Won't—won't—you come in?" she said.

William entreed the room. It was the same old kitchen he had known when but a boy. And there by the fireplace sat a man, feeble, and wrinkled, and gray.

"Father, I have come back," cried William Whittlesy.

The old man turned in his chair and gazed at the stranger unknowingly.

"Don't you see who I am?" cried the long-lost. "I am William. I have come back. I went away twenty years ago——"

A peculiar light came into the eyes of the woman, who, during the stranger's appeal to the old man at the fireplace, had stood still at the end of the table with one hand on her hip.

"I—I—I understand now," she said.

William looked his thanks in his eyes. He was about to close his arms about the old lady, when she waved him back.

"I understand," she went on. "Arter you went away your mother died in 'beout a year and your pa married me. Then when he died I married George there, an' we've been livin' on th' ol' place ever sence. So yew see we ain't your folks arter all, though likely ez not yew may have some legal connection with us——"

William put his hand to his brow and reeled. He staggered to the door—sobbing, with his head bowed upon his breast, he walked slowly down the old country road. And that night he went back to the west.

◆

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Geese With Shoes.

It is not generally known that in Prague there exists a goose "bourse," where yearly some 3,000,000 geese change hands. Its most active time lasts generally from about six to eight weeks, from the middle of September till the first days of November. During this time immense flocks of geese are driven into the suburbs, especially from the districts lying on the right bank of the Weischel. These are then conducted at night over the bridges to the Jewish quarters, the trade being principally in the hands of the Israelites. As the geese are driven in from long distances they are "shod," that is to say, walked repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with fine sand. This forms a hard crust on the feet of the geese, and they, thus "shod," are able to cover immense distances without fatigue.

◆

Well Named.

"This is the parlor, eh?" tentatively remarked the agent, who was looking over the house. "Yes," replied old man Kidder, "but I usually call it the court room—I've got seven daughters, you know."

◆

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◆

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LURED BY LOVE.

The Crime of a Village Beauty---A Story of Unrequited Love and the Betrayal of an Innocent Girl.

By H. R. ROMANS.

SYNOPSIS.

The story is laid in a country town. Anne and Bessie Paxton, the beautiful daughters of the village carpenter, both love a young physician, Dr. John Burris. He proposes to and is accepted by Bessie. This enrages Anne and she plots with Charles Marsh, son of the Brickville banker, a rejected suitor for Bessie's hand, to rob the bank and cast suspicion upon Dr. Burris. Marsh promises the physician shall not be prosecuted and Anne hopes to win his love by her fidelity during his trouble. Billy Glen, a hunchback, sees Marsh hide the money robbed from the bank, and sees Anne assault Marsh in the bank. He loves Anne, and though she hates him, he forces from her a promise of marriage as the price of his silence. Hiram Westlake, village marshal, discovers the robbery. Westlake believes city robbers did the job and starts to hunt them, but Charley Marsh accuses John Burris, who is arrested. A search locates the plunder hidden in a garden behind the doctor's office where Charley Marsh had hidden it. Bessie wants to visit her lover in jail but her father forbids her, and Dr. Burris believes she has deserted him. Forbidden to see her lover Bessie asks Anne to see him. Anne uses the interview for her own advantage. Anne and Billy Glen have an interview in which she is very kind to him to gain his help in besmirching the character of her sister. The evil rumors about Bessie grow and her father drives her from home. She wanders away and falls in a faint by the roadside. She is searched for in vain, a kind-hearted old widow having given her shelter. On hearing the slander concerning Bessie, Charley Marsh seeks to benefit from it by claiming he should be held accountable for her misfortune. He tells her father he loves her and is anxious to make amends by marrying her. They find her at the old widow's suffering with brain fever. They procure a license and preacher and the ceremony is started, although Bessie is unconscious. The old widow interferes and stops the ceremony, and a physician who calls opportunely forbids it until Bessie has entirely recovered. Doctor Burris engages a lawyer, but the lawyer believes him guilty and gives him no encouragement. Later Banker Marsh and his son call on Doctor Burris and offer him clemency if he will confess. Charley Marsh tells Doctor Burris an ingenious lie concerning Bessie and poisons his mind completely. Then young Marsh hurries Anne to the young doctor and by more false stories and artful cajoling he is induced to renounce Bessie and promises to marry Anne if Bessie is married to Marsh when he is liberated. Billy Glen is aroused to Anne's duplicity and insists on their immediate marriage. Anne consults Charley Marsh and they decide Billy must be removed from their paths.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MURDER OF BILLY GLEN.

The schoolhouse at Brickville was located at one edge of the town. It was situated far back from the street in the block set apart by the township as school property. The large, level tract separating the building from the street was used as a playground, and many an exciting game of ball had been played here by the rival teams of schoolboys, while the girls wandered about the spacious grounds, their arms around each other, whispering secrets of girlish importance.

The rear of the schoolhouse presented a vastly different view. With an aim to utilize every foot of ground, and at the same time to form a protection for the venturesome youth, the building had been placed at the edge of a high ledge of rocks, which, skirting the edge of the hill on which Brickville was situated, formed one boundary of the school property.

The high rocks and the ravines that lay at their base formed a wildly beautiful place, picturesque in its uncultivated grandeur. It was one of nature's own parks, undisturbed by the hand of man. Crossing one edge of the playground was a little rill, which had its source from a spring farther up in the village. It was at once a source of delight to the younger boys and a perpetual torment to the teachers, who could not keep their charges from paddling in its waters and besmearing themselves with its mud. The little brook in times of a freshet formed a veritable cataract that fell a shear fifty feet and dashed into a feathery foam on the rocks below.

This natural park was a great playground for the more hardy children of the town. They had made a narrow footpath along the high ledge close to the school building, and had cut out steps that they might more easily climb the precipitous sides of the rocks. Here they played at being Indians, or an equally dangerous game of hide-and-seek among the huge rocks and ancient trees.

Great masses of ferns grew along the sides of the little brook, huge carpets of green and velvety moss spread over the tops and sides of the rocks, while beautiful wild flowers attracted many in their short-lived seasons.

Never in the history of Brickville had there been a fatality at this dangerous place, although it was predicted time and again that some time some unlucky person would fall over the ledge and meet a horrible death on the jagged rocks below.

It would be a very easy thing, quoth the timid, for anyone going along that narrow path behind the schoolhouse to trip and fall over. They were answered that no one had any business in the dangerous place, and those who did go there were able to take care of themselves.

So much for the scene of a tragic event in the drama we are depicting.

Carefully picking his way up the ravine through which ran the little brook, a man stealthily made his way. He gained the path which led up the side of the ledge. Up and down this path as a happy schoolboy he had scampered many a time, sometimes playing at hare and hound and at others as an "Indian" he stealthily crept upon the camp of "settlers" above.

Tonight his trip up the path was for a far different purpose. The lad of yesterday is the man of today, and the play of that happier time is replaced by the demon that urged him on to commit a great crime to cover up the traces of his lesser evil acts.

The training of childhood stood him well, and he picked out the safe places for his feet, as he mounted the treacherous path. At last he paused at the top and surveyed the scene as much as the darkness would allow.

All seemed well—not a sound broke upon the still air, so he grasped with a tighter clutch a stout cudgel he carried and stole softly around the side of the building.

As he neared the next corner he became more cautious, and with cat-like tread approached and peered around the corner, and there beheld on the steps a man and a woman sitting close together. The man was small, but even in the darkness it was plain to the watcher that the man was Billy Glen and the woman about whose waist his arm rested was Anne Paxton.

Anne had not disappointed him. She had met Billy, as prearranged, and after sitting on the rustic seat in front of the Paxton domicile for some time, had suggested that they take a walk. She had been very quiet and submissive in all that Billy had suggested, and he had bullied her and made her promise things until her meek submission had made him ashamed of himself.

They strolled down the quiet village street to the school playground, and with one accord turned up the cinder path that crossed the spacious green sward to the school building. Without a word they seated themselves upon the steps and Billy placed his arm about her and drew her close to him.

It all seemed as a dream to Billy, this quiet submission of his peerless, beautiful love. She did not repulse his close embraces nor check his desire to frequently kiss her, in fact more than once she had reciprocated them, to his great and lasting joy.

Outwardly Anne was calm and collected, but all the time her heart was in a tremor of excitement, and this perhaps accounted for her quiet submissiveness to Billy's whims.

"Anything to keep him from suspecting," she thought. "Will the time never come? I cannot endure this suspense much longer. I will go mad!"

The man at the corner stepped out and raised the cudgel, but he lowered it again, for Anne's head was resting fondly against that of the intended victim. Perhaps some intuition told her that the time had come—that she was delaying the fatal moment by her position. She uttered a deep sigh and moved, just a little, but enough to turn her vision upon the shadow that stood beside them. Her movement seemed to say "Now," and before she could turn away from the horrifying spectacle the club described a circle through the air and descended with a dull thud upon the head of her companion.

She pressed her hands to her eyes as if to erase the sight she had just witnessed, and even as she did so, she felt the arm of Billy Glen fall listlessly from her waist. His body sank forward, and then she heard someone speak to her, but the voice sounded unnatural, more like someone speaking in a dream.

"Come, quick, Anne; there is no time for fainting now. Lend a hand here with this bundle." It was her partner in crime, and a rough shaking from him restored her to her senses.

"My God! This is awful! Is he dead?" she gasped.

"I hope so. If he isn't the next time he hits earth will fix him, without a doubt," uttered Marsh in a hard, unfeeling tone. She caught a whiff of his breath; it was charged with the fumes of whisky.

"Charley," she whispered, retreating from him, "are you drunk?"

"No, I am not drunk, though I did take on a good-sized load for this job. You needn't be afraid of me. I will not hurt you unless you go to making trouble," and he picked up the death-dealing club and flung it far over the precipice.

"What will we do with his body?" faltered Anne.

"Toss is after the club," answered Marsh.

"Oh, this horrible deed!"

"Come, no weakening now. Grab his feet and help me carry him."

"Oh, I can't do it. I can't touch him," she cried, a horrible revulsion of feeling sweeping over her.

"Oh, thunder!" he ejaculated, angrily. "Do you want him to lie here until he is discovered by someone? Do you want some fool detective spying around Brickville trying to find out who murdered him?"

"No, oh, no!"

"Well, then, grab hold and we will soon chuck him over."

Anne staggered forward and seized the dead man by the feet while young Marsh laid hold of his body, and between them they carried him to the edge of the precipice, where Anne relinquished her portion of the burden, while Marsh lifted the body and tossed it over.

A second later, and to Anne it seemed almost an age, they heard the thud of all that was mortal of poor Billy Glen strike upon the rocks far below. Marsh flung the dead man's hat after him, and turning took the almost fainting girl by the arm and led her from the scene.

"There," he said, "our troubles are all over. We can now prepare to enjoy the fruits of our labor. It has been dearly bought, God knows, but as for me, I don't care; I'd go to perdition and back the same night to win Bessie Paxton!"

Anne could make no reply to this wicked comment of her accomplice. She was thinking of the enormity of the crime just committed. To her the other things she had done seemed so small in comparison, and she wondered even if she did succeed in winning John Burris for her husband, if she would ever be happy and free-hearted again. Would not the specter of the murdered dwarf continually follow her in waking moments and make hideous her dreams when she sought oblivion in repose.

Her companion was quick to divine the trend of her thoughts and he knew that he must do something to keep her from becoming a prey to remorse—that bitter foe of those who are led into crime by force of circumstances.

"Come, Anne, for God's sake don't get morbid over this affair. Don't you see it couldn't be helped? We were placed in such a predicament that nothing short of his death could relieve the peril of our position. Besides, you must remember, he forced us by his persistence. Then, you know, it was I who killed him, not you."

"I know," she answered, "you struck the the blow that ended his life, but I am as guilty as you are, for I enticed him to his death. We sat there about five minutes before you came, but it seemed like five years. Every second I was expecting that awful blow to come, and have him jump from my side in his death spasm. As the time went by it seemed I would go insane from suspense. Yes, I am as guilty as you, and I know that he will haunt me to my death," and she shuddered as she thought of the specter of her dead lover.

"Don't be foolish, Anne. There are no such things as ghosts. They exist only in fevered imaginations, and all you need to do to keep Billy's ghost away is not to worry about the affair. Occupy your time now with schemes to hurry up Burris' confession. Once he is free and you are married you will forget all about this night and its crime."

"I wish I could feel as light-hearted as you do, but it is impossible. I am sorry now that I ever attempted to change the course of my life."

"You must not get faint-hearted now—it is too late. If at any time you feel you must talk to someone about this affair, come to me. It will relieve you immensely, and will help to keep you from morbidness. Good-night," and he went up the street whistling as merrily as if he had not a care in the world.

CHAPTER XII.

BILLY GLEN'S GHOST.

The fact that Billy Glen did not apepar at home at the usual bedtime of the family on the night of the murder, did not occasion any alarm. He was known to be something of a nighthawk, and often prowled around the town until the wee sma' hours in company with other young men who could not be induced to believe in that old-time maxim: "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

However, when the young man failed to appear at breakfast some uneasiness was manifested, and later an inquiry was started which, developing no trace of the missing dwarf since twilight of the previous evening, soon assumed the aspect of a general search.

Apparently no one thought of the most dangerous place in the community; and as a thorough inquiry, and seemingly, equally thorough search failed to reveal any tidings of Billy Glen by the noon hour, the search was given over, while a general belief prevailed that he had jumped upon a passing freight and left for pastures new.

This theory was suggested by several of his young friends who had often heard him decry the dullness of Brickville and the small chance a young man had to make a livelihood within its precincts. Thus the matter was dropped by all except these young men, who congregated on the corners and expressed their admiration of the spirit of independence exhibited by the dwarf.

Meanwhile the body of Billy Glen lay at the bottom of the ledge of rocks. His head had struck a sharp jagged edge of rock, crushing his skull and spattering his brains about over the stones and soft, green moss. His life-blood had flowed from his wounds and formed in dark red cakes about his head. The spectacle was one of horror, and as the sun's rays streamed through the branches of overhanging trees and lighted up his death-drawn features, the little ground squirrels scampered about and chattered to each other as they viewed the still and silent form; the birds perched upon twigs nearby and turned their heads now this way, now that, as if wondering at the awful tragedy there displayed, and then they flitted away without a chirp.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was making shadows that lengthened perceptibly as the moments passed, two young lads came up the ravine from an excursion in the forest beyond. They walked Indian file up the narrow path, each burdened with a number of curious-shaped sticks from which they expected to evolve some wonderful boyish contrivance. The foremost of the lads almost stepped on the body of Billy Glen before he discovered it. He stopped suddenly with an expressive and prolonged "Oh!" on his trembling lips. His companion was equally horrified at the scene there displayed. Then together they both exclaimed:

"Why, it's Billy Glen!"

They dropped their burdens and fled precipitately up the steep path, and fairly flew up the street, shouting their discovery to everyone they met.

In a short time a great crowd of villagers gathered at the scene, and passed shuddering comments as they beheld the ghastly remains of the unfortunate young man.

Doctor Smith examined the body and announced that there were several wounds, any one of which would have been sufficient to produce death. His skull was crushed, his back broken and several ribs fractured, one of which had pierced his lungs.

The coroner was present at the examina-

CONSTIPATION

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tion, and after a short consultation with Billy's father, pronounced it a case of accidental death, without the formality of an inquest, and ordered the body removed.

To the villagers this was but another sensation—they were becoming almost an everyday occurrence of late—but no one ever thought of connecting these sensations, or suspected the existence of the hidden chain that attached them all to a common head.

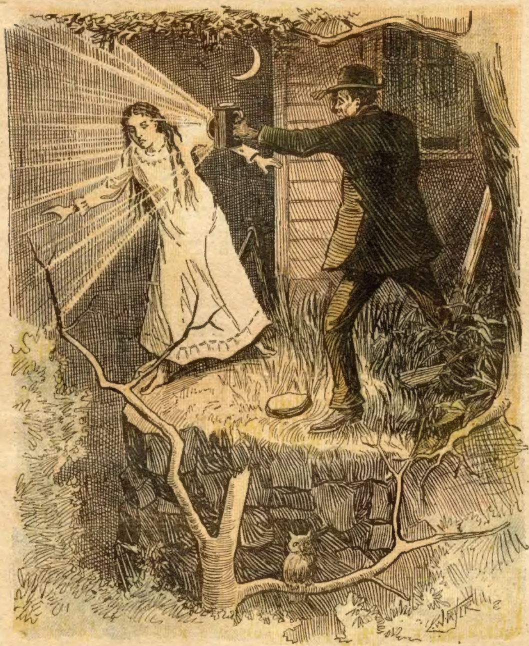
The shock and horror attendant upon the supposed accidental death ended with the the funeral of Billy Glen. He had gone behind the schoolhouse for some reason, known only to himself, and had tripped and fallen; so people thought, and his fate seemed as a warning to be heeded by those who might have a tendency to carelessness when frequenting the dangerous place.

Scarcely had Billy Glen's remains been deposited in their last resting place when another sensation was sprung—a ghost was haunting the scene of his recent death.

A citizen of eminent respectability and known sobriety and veracity, who had passed that neighborhood near the hour of midnight, heard a scream and immediately afterward saw a white figure scurry along from the rear of the schoolhouse and disappear in the gloom.

This story was noised about, and while it found some believers, met with more who scouted the truth of the tale. However, several parties were formed to capture the ghost, but it never appeared when a party was waiting for its reception. This latter fact gave rise to the supposition that someone was playing a joke upon the villagers by posing as a ghost.

The ghost talk naturally started suspicion as to foul play in regard to Billy Glen's death, but no one openly declared a belief in such a fate for the young man, and Billy's father scouted the idea of anyone being responsible for the death of his boy.



He directed the light upon the face of the figure and started back. It was Anne Paxton.

There was one person who listened to the talk of foul play, and who encouraged opinions on that subject from anyone who cared to express them. That person was Hiram Westlake, the marshal. He had failed so signally in his theories of the bank robbery that he was aching for an opportunity to distinguish himself and again regain the confidence and respect of the citizens he had sworn to protect.

He did not believe John Burris guilty of the robbery, but was at a loss for a method to work upon to ferret out the guilty parties; and while he had been loafing about studying out a plan to trap the real robbers a terrible tragedy had happened. The public believed it an accidental death; so had he until the advent of the ghost; now he was convinced that someone had pushed Billy Glen from the rocks to his death.

In this case there was at least a tangible clew to work from. If he could capture the "ghost" he thought the rest would be easy, so he set about to run down the terrible apparition that was frightening the superstitious.

The marshal was not a timid man, so he had no hesitancy in visiting the haunted scene alone. When on these lonely vigils he was well armed, and wore a perfect disguise (for which he doubtless had a good reason, and could cite a brilliant precedent from some of the numerous books he had read). For several nights he visited the scene without any reward, and he was becoming somewhat discouraged at the evident negligence of the ghost, provided it wanted to make a record of regularity at which it could point with pride.

One night he sat on the ledge, dangling his feet over the side, and mentally swearing at the ghost which wouldn't come down and be taken into custody and marched with much eclat to the town lockup. He chanced to turn his head to the north, and brave as he thought he was, his hair commenced to raise on end as he beheld coming toward him along the narrow path, the very object for which he had been waiting through so many lonely nights.

The figure paused not in its onward course. It came right on toward him, apparently step by step, and when it was near enough to stoop and touch him he wanted to yell out, but his vocal organs seemed paralyzed; he tried to arise, but he was so overcome with fear he could not.

The apparition paused beside him, and peered over the ledge directly above where the body of the young man had been found. Was it a ghost, or was it a human being, he asked himself. There was none of that mysterious phenomena so often mentioned in ghost stories apparent, and he fancied he heard a sigh, a very decided human sigh come from the figure beside him.

It took no notice of his presence, and he was so close he could have stretched out his hand and touched it, that is, providing it was not composed of that "thin vapor" of the really true-enough ghost. Raising his courage to a point that alarmed him greatly, he stretched out his arm. It came in contact with a thin, but nevertheless real garment.

That settled the matter conclusively with Hiram Westlake. The ghost was a human being, and whether it was some practical joker or the real murderer of Billy Glen come to view the scene of his crime, made no difference. It was his clear duty to capture this person, and as he was not afraid of any one man he ever heard of, he intended to lay hands on this one and lead him to the lockup.

He cautiously drew his revolver, and then stealthily got his feet under him, ready to spring upon the figure at the slightest hostile move. But he had no occasion for such an act. The ghost continued to gaze over the ledge and wholly ignored the presence of the marshal. Seeing this, Westlake got upon his feet and fished his dark lantern from his coat pocket. He flashed the light upon the figure beside him, at the same time covering it with his revolver, but it heeded him not. Even the strong ray of light did not cause the strange form to take cognizance of another's presence, and again the marshal's hair began to raise as he reflected that he might have been mistaken when he thought he touched a real, sure-enough garment. Perhaps this ghost had the power to assume the real form and raiment of a human.

The rays of the lantern shone upon the ground and as he glanced in that direction he was electrified by seeing a pair of bare feet, small and white. Then he raised the light slowly and scanned the figure closely. It looked like some young woman arrayed in her night robe.

Then he directed the light upon the face of the figure and he started back as if shot.

It was Anne Paxton!

Were his eyes deceiving him? Was he going mad? Surely there was some mistake!

Again he looked. He had seen aright; there was no mistake. Strange, incredible as it might seem, Billy Glen's ghost was none other than Anne Paxton, for as he gazed spellbound, she turned her head and looked directly at him. Her eyes were wide open and staring, yet she did not see him.

She must be a somnambulist, he reasoned; there was no other explanation for her presence there in that garb. Westlake snapped his lantern shut and restored it and his revolver to his pockets. As he did so Anne turned and again gazed over the side of the ledge. Then she placed her hands over her eyes as if to shut out some awful sight, at the same time uttering a piercing shriek that startled the watching man.

Almost instantly she turned and ran in the direction from which she had come. The marshal bounded after her; just why he could not tell.

Over fences, and through back lots and alleys fled pursued and pursuer until they came to the property of Jason Paxton. Then up through the back yard Anne sped with the marshal some distance behind. He was close enough to see her crawl through a window and disappear. Then he sauntered out the way he came in and wandered up to the business portion of the town.

"That ends the ghost business," he muttered, as he dropped wearily upon a convenient storebox, wondering whether he had better arrest Anne Paxton immediately for the murder of Billy Glen, or wait until he could find some more convincing piece of evidence.

This admirable story of love and intrigue will be continued in next week's issue. See the Ledger's special premium offer on page fifteen.

A Historical Pen.

Whenever the Empress Eugenie of France has occasion to write anything about her lamented husband she always uses the diamond pen which signed the treaty of Paris. All those who participated in this historical occasion wanted the pen as a memento. But so keen was the empress on possessing it that she begged that only one pen should be used, which she thought she had a right to retain as a souvenir. This was agreed to. The pen takes the form of a quill plucked from a golden eagle's wing and richly mounted with diamonds and gold.

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Song for Soldiers.

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Photos Taken by Sugar Light.

The curious discovery has recently been made that light may be procured from common sugar. All you have to do is to get a few pounds of lump sugar and put it in the open sunlight for some hours. On taking it into a dark room it will begin to glow faintly at first, but afterward with quite a strong light. So strong is this luminous glow that photographs have actually been taken by the light. These sugar-light photographs are quite distinct, even if not quite so clear as ordinary photographs.

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An artist who worked much in ochre,
Was greatly annoyed by a jochre
  Oft hiding his placque,
  Till one day he "got bacque"
By judiciously using a pochre.

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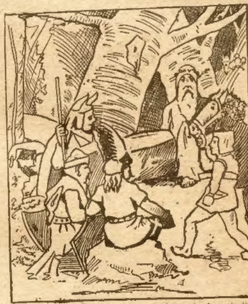

The picture represents four men and a boy and a horse in the woods searching for the Princess. She is hidden in the trees. She is larger than any of the persons in the picture. Search carefully and you may find her. Study the picture carefully and turn it around slowly and you may discover her. If you do you get a handsome prize for your trouble. If you find her draw a pencil mark around her, cut out the picture and send it to us with 25c. to pay for a year's subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY and we will send you the four beautiful stick pins shown in this advertisement. Following is a description of the four pins:

PIN A is a genuine pearl solitaire pin, set in Tiffany style. The pearl is nearly one-fourth inch in diameter. The pin is suitable for either lady's or gent's wear.

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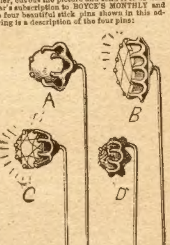

BOYCE'S MONTHLY,
Puzzle Dept., BOYCE BLDG., CHICAGO.
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A PAIR OF HEROES.

With Lieutenant Hobson in the Philippines---In Quest of His Lost Love---Adventures in Iloilo.

By HENRY DALE.

SYNOPSIS.

Will Dobson and Ellen Stanley were youthful lovers; while he was at college her father died; her uncle, a sea captain and supposed pirate took charge of her estate and induced her to go with him to sea. Will Dobson after hearing this learns that she is somewhere in the Philippine islands. He starts to search for her and is fortunate enough to fall in with Lieutenant Hobson who is on his way to join Dewey. Dobson and a guide reach Iloilo and are attacked by insurgents. Captain Clogson, Ellen's uncle, attempts to force her to marry a man named Liken, who is to take her to a distant and lonely island and abandon her, afterward sharing Ellen's property with Clogson. She escapes and finds Will Dobson about to be executed by a Negrito tribe who have captured him. She rescues him and they try to reach the American warships. Clogson and Liken follow with a band of men. Will shoots and kills Liken and he and Ellen are put on Clogson's pirate ship and taken out to sea. Will is given a mock trial and they prepare to hang him.

CHAPTER X.

A SKIRMISH ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

As Will Dobson was hurried to execution, he cast a desapiring look around him.

He saw they were gliding along a shore, green with the foliage of the tropics. The scene was beautiful, but in his agitated state he was in no condition to enjoy it.

His thoughts at that moment were of eternity, and he prayed as he never had before.

Suddenly there came the boom of a gun, and a ball dashed in the water ahead of them.

"Back to your places," cried Clogson; "what in h—l does this mean?"

A United Staes revenue cutter could be seen bearing down upon them. Had Will known that that cutter was in command of his friend, Lieut. Hobson, he could have shouted for joy.

"The jig is up," cried the mate of the Blackcloud. "There comes a cussed Yankee ship!"

"We can out steam her. Full head on!" commanded the captain.

The order was sent below to the engineer and the Blackcloud began to slide through the water at a tremendous rate of speed. The momentary respite found by Will Dobson gave him some hope.

He turned his eyes toward the revenue cutter and a moment later saw a wreath of smoke curl from her forecastle, heard the crash of a shot through the lee rail and the boom of a cannon at sea.

No harm had been done and the pirates, knowing what their fate would be, cracked on all steam and flew through the water at a rate of speed which bid defiance to the pursuer.

"Come on," cried Clogson, shaking his fist at the enemy. "Cuss ye, we'll show ye a pair o' clean heels."

There came another shot, but it fell astern.

The pirates now shouted for joy. They went flying along the coast until they were hidden by some headlands. There were numerous little hiding places, where a ship could remain concealed for weeks, and among these numerous inlets they sought shelter.

Will Dobson was saved by the approach of the revenue cutter. It had detracted the attention of his would-be executioners from their work, and when they had lost sight of their pursuer he found a knot of them gathered about the pirate leader talking very earnestly. He did not at that time know that they were discussing the danger of hanging the friend of Hobson. Hobson was believed to be invincible, and it was considered that he would go to any length to avenge the death of his friend.

At last the captain said in a voice loud enough for Will to hear:

"Well, he can live until we have shaken off this cussed cutter, but then he'll die. I have settled on that. We've got heavy metal enough aboard to fight this cruiser if ye'd only do it, but with such d—d cowards I can't do nothin'."

Captain Clogson was in no very enviable mood.

The prisoner was taken back to the cabin where he had been kept a prisoner, but was still securely bound.

All day they ran along the coast, darting in and out of inlets as if searching some secure hiding place.

That day, with all its uncertainty, doubt, hopes and fears, seemed to Will Dobson drawn out into as many ages. He suffered the keenest of tortures. Night came again, and he felt his heart and hopes sinking in proportion to the increasing darkness. All hope seemed to fade away with the setting of the sun, but it is often darkest just before dawn. Will sat half insensible in the cabin, when some one came to the door and after a moment's cautious listening opened it.

A man entered.

It was so dark he could just see the outline of the man against the light on the deck. He paused a moment at the door and a low "Whist!" came on the air.

Will was astonished.

"Sh-sh——"

The door of the cabin was closed behind him and the soft tread of some one advancing on tiptoe toward him could be heard.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Sh——"

"Are you come to assassinate me?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Speak lower—I want to save you."

"Who are you?"

"Tom Saddler, the sailor; wait, I'll explain."

He reached the side of the prisoner, and, after feeling over him, stooped and cut the bands that bound him, and thrust a pistol in his hand.

This was encouraging. If the man had been his enemy he would not have armed him in the beginning.

"Will you trust me?" asked Tom Saddler.

"Yes."

"I can save you."

"I believe you will try."

The fellow then crept to the door and pushed it open just enough for his head to look out.

He came back and said:

"The coast is clear and if you will obey me we can get away."

"What ae your orders?"

"First, let me tell ye; I am Tom Saddler, an' I'm honest, but in bad company. When I shipped with Captain Clogson at San Francisco I did not think he was such a man as he is, but before we were long on the voyage I learned to my sorrow the metal of which he was made. I promised the little girl to help ye to escape, an' I'll lose my life or I'll do it."

"Where is she?"

"In the cabin aft."

"We must rescue her."

The man hesitated.

"It's goin' to be mighty hard to do," the sailor declared.

"Yes, I know it's difficult, but dearly as I love liberty and life I will not leave the ship withont her."

"I wish you would, I can save you."

"But what would life be worth without her? I've searched the earth for six years for her. For her I came to the Orient and defied the powers at Iloilo."

"Oh, I understand now how it stands. Well, I'll explain. I've got aboat lowered over the lee stern; we're now lyin' in a snug harbor with the shore a mile away. Though steams up, we're not a-movin' at all. We'll be here until daylight, I guess. I'll get ye out an' lower ye to the boat, then go back for the girl."

It was late when Will Dobson went upon the deck and the watch was forward, all others below hatches. He was hurried off, and, seizing a rope, was quickly lowered into the small boat below. He took a seat and gently lifted one of the oars to place it in a row lock and waited.

The moments seemed to drag by on leaden wings. The stars shone from the black sky, but there was no moon, and the stars gave but a feeble light indeed.

The American youth was growing very impatient, and had the rope been left hanging over the ship's side he would have climbed back to the deck, and braved all danger from the captain and his crew. But fortunately it was impossible to reach the deck.

Then he resolved to wait in the boat until daylight and try to get an opportunity to shoot Clogson with his pistol.

But how did he know that the man Tom Saddler was acting in good faith with him? Might he not after all be only laying some plan to make his murder more excusable? The revolver he held might be loaded only with blank cartridges. But he could ascertain. He slipped a cartridge from the cylinder and found a bullet in the end of it. Then he thrust it back.

"He is honest, but he has failed to rescue poor Ellen. Now, I can die a glorious death."

He had hardly reached this desperate conclusion, when he saw something dark above descending to the boat, and a low "hist," called his attention to the object.

It was Ellen, being lowered by a rope about her waist. He caught her and placed her in the stern. But ere he could utter a word a bundle was lowered which contained two repeating rifles, four revolvers, two cutlasses, and some ammunition.

"Stand fast," called a voice from above, and next moment a man darted down the rope almost like a cat, and dropped into the boat.

"Well, I am glad this is over," he whispered. "Now, to cast off and get under way as soon as possible."

They pushed out from under the wall of the ship's side and Tom and Will each seized an oar and pulled steadily away from the ship to the distant shore.

They had gone a little over half way when they discovered that the utmost confusion reigned on the deck of the ship. Men were running hither and thither, lanterns were flashing in every direction fore and aft, faces were peering into the water, and night glasses were applied to the eyes of anxious men searching the dark expanse of water.

"They have missed us and are on the lookout," declared Tom.

"Are you acquainted with this coast?"

"No."

"Then we must land by guess."

"We will have to take our chances."

"Anything was better than staying there," Ellen declared.

"They are lowering boats," said Tom.

"Yes, and we must lose no time in getting ashore."

The tide was coming in and they were soon drifting into the mouth of a creek. They ran against a sandbar and went ashore. There was a long sloping beach and beyond that sloping foot hills which led up to the top of a mountain peak. Will Dobson would not think of a moment's delay, but insisted on going to the top of the mountain at once.

"I know you are tired, Ellen——"

"Oh, never mind me, Will; I can stand any hardship to save you from uncle."

The remainder of the long dark night they spent in climbing to the top of the mountain, reaching the summit just at dawn of day. During the journey Will and his fair companion kept a little behind their guide and talked of the old days and scenes of their happy childhood.

There was so much to talk about, so many thrilling scenes to go over, that whenever they halted for rest mutual explanations and narration of stirring events followed.

On the summit of the mountain they could overlook the bay, the sea, and ship at anchor. They could see still more. Rounding a headland not five miles away from the Blackcloud they saw the patient determined little cutter coming after her.

The daylight revaled just below them a dozen men. They were already within long rifle range. Catching sight of the fugitives on the cliff, the pursuers set up a shout.

"A thousand dollars to every man for them, dead or alive," cried Captain Clogson.

With wild shouts the men started up the rocky steep.

Tom Saddler, cocking one of the guns, said:

"It's time to put a stop to their advance."

He raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired. One of the men lost his hold on the side of the cliff and rolled down some distance.

"One less to contend with," declared Tom.

A volley of shots from below, one of them wounding Tom in the right arm, almost disabling it.

The skirmish promised to be deadly.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PASSING OF CLOGSON.

"Mr. Dobson, I'm about done for," declared Tom as he sat down faint and sick clasping his wounded arm.

"Don't despair."

"But this is bad."

Will now crept to the verge of the cliff and saw the men climbing rapidly up the side. He cocked his rifle, took deliberate aim at one, and fired, but not depressing his gun enough, he overshot his mark.

Two or three shots rang out from below and the balls came frightfully close to his head.

"Willie, Willie, do have a care!" said Ellen.

"We must defend ourselves."

"I will help you."

"No, no; don't show yourself to them; your uncle is more anxious for your death than any. He profits more by it."

Will at this moment got a bead on a second and fired.

The man fell, clapping his hand to his shoulder. The lover shot another in the arm.

Three of the attacking party were disabled and the others came to a halt on a great flat strip of table. They began to consult.

They were now within easy rifle range of the top of the cliff. But there was a momentary cessation of hostilities.

An event now happened which changed the whole course of events. From the harbor came the heavy boom of a cannon. All eyes were turned in that direction. The revenue cutter could be seen bearing down upon the Blackcloud. There was haste and confusion, and an effort made to defend the ship. The guns were loaded and trained on the cutter.

Crack-crack-boom-boom, and then a rattling crash and a bellowing roar and all was hidden for a moment by smoke.

The rapid fire guns of the revenue cutter were getting in their work.

The Blackcloud was seen to be on fire, and the sailors leaped into their boats, and pulled ashore with might and main. Two steam launches loaded with blue jackets started ashore after them.

"We are saved," said Will.

"If we can only defend ourselves until the sailors reach us, we will be safe," said Tom.

"Will they still continue to fight?" Will asked.

"Yes."

"And will soon be reinforced?"

"They will."

Will saw a large stone lying almost on the edge of the cliff. Near it was a long pole.

He put the pole under the great bowlder and gave it a sudden wrech which sent it tumbling and thundering down the path in the direction of their pursuers.

"They saw it coming and uttered wild cries of alarm.

The great stone struck corner after corner, breaking off vast chunks of rock which rolled and rattled in an ever increasing stream down, down, down, until it seemed as if the whole mountain side seemed rolling.

A vast cloud of dust uprose which concealed from view the frightful scene.

There were a hundred great stones released and rolling, thundering, crashing down. With his straining eyes Will tried to follow the path of the crashing masses of rock, but such vast clouds of dust arose as to hide verything from view.

"God help all of them," he cried, as a tremendous wail went up from the little plateau on which their enemies had halted.

The cry of horror and despair was drowned by the hollow roar of crashing, thundering stones. Suddenly all grew silent. The cloud of smoke and dust that rose over the track of ruin was slowly wafted from the scene by the morning breeze, and Will Dobson gazed down the mountain side in vain for some sign of their pursuers.

Far down torn and ragged steeps could occasionally be seen spurts of smoke where portions of the stone still rolling struck. Farther on could be seen the fugatives from the vessel flying from the marines who had landed and were climbing the foot hills.

"Can you see any of them?" asked Tom, who was suffering greatly with his arm.

"No."

"The big stone did the work."

"All were surely cut down."

"It mowed a path."

"Yes, and a wide one, too," returned Will. "But wait, the dust has almost blown away. Now, I see bodies below."

"Any standing?"

"Not one. All are down, but I see one or two moving their hands as if alive, but badly hurt."

"I hope they are all killed."

"They can't harm us, Tom, for all that are able are now flying from the marines. There, I see faint spurts below. The rifles of the marines are cracking. They are after our enemies."

All the while Ellen had stood silent and frozen with horror. Much as she detested her uncle, and great cause as she had to hate him, she could not but feel some sympathy for the unfortunate men.

"Let us go down. They can't harm us now," she said. "Perhaps we can do something to help some of them."

"Ellen may be you had better not go. There are sights down there you had better not see."

"I am stronger than you think, Will. When it comes to relieving the suffering or afflicted I am very strong."

"Then come, but prepare yourself for shocking scenes. The falling of such stones as poured down the mountain side would be enough to mangle armies."

She insisted on going and the three hurried down as fast as they could. Tom's wound bled quite profusely and he was very weak. He followed slowly and they were often compelled to wait for him, and support his faltering steps, for he often grew faint. They occasionally caught glimpses of the marines far below who were hurrying up the mountainside. At last the tableland was reached, and a sight of horror met their gaze.

Mangled forms lying among the broken rocks and twisted, shatterd trees. The stones had swept every man from the shelf

FREE
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KIDNEY
SUFFERERS

Dr. Worst will mail a Sample Treatment of his New Discovery for Kidney and Bladder trouble, Stomach trouble and Rheumatism.

FREE

To all readers of The Chicago Ledger.

DR. E. J. WORST, Ashland, O

There are few persons, either in or out of the medical profession, who have not heard of the wonderful cures being effected among sufferers of Kidney Diseases by Dr. Worst's Famous Remedies, of which he is the originator.

If you have tried all the doctors and patent nostrums and are not enjoying good health, then you are not doing your duty to yourself or dependent ones, and ***houid try*** one of his ***free treatments.***

WHAT THOUSANDS SAY WHO USE THEM.

Henry Myers, Steel, Ind., says. "Your treatments are the best stomach medicine I ever used."

Mrs. M. B. Ferguson, Reedsville, Pa., says: "I never used anything that helped me so much as your treatment for habitual constipation."

W. C. Haise, Coshocton, O., says: "One of your treatments has been worth $50.00 to my wife."

James M. Norford, Myers Cave, Va., says: "I have been unable to work for 14 months until I used one of your treatments."

John R. Saylor, Park, Pa., says: "I have had Rheumatism 12 years. After using one of your treatments, I have no more Rheumatism."

You incur no expense, and it may lead you like many others, to the source of health.

In sending for a sample treatment, Dr. Worst requests our readers to ***give*** their ***symptoms*** as nearly as possible, and name this paper, and he will mail them a ***free sample*** of the remedy suited to their ailments, ***with full directions.*** Address,

DR. WORST MEDICAL CO.,
BOX 194. ASHLAND, OHIO.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledge

of projecting rock or left them crushed and helpless. The few stunted pines and hau trees growing there were crushed, twisted and torn.

Horribly crushed, but still breathing and conscious, Captain Clogson lay against the root of a tree.

"Uncle, uncle, can I help you?" cried Ellen, hurrying to his side.

"No, curse you, go away. I hate you. I am dying, but I hate you; you killed me, you cursed scoundrel. It was you who lay up there among the rocks and sent that bowlder crashing down upon me. Oh, I could see you all in torment and dance for joy."

Will Dobson knew that but few moments at most was left to the unfortunate man, and he recommended he be thinking of eternity.

"Think of eternity? No. I'll have a long time to think of that when I get to it. At present I will think of you. You have followed my niece for her wealth."

"That is false."

"But it will do you no good. Her father's fortune consisted mainly in stocks and bonds. I brought them with me and they were on one of the Spanish ships that was sunk by Dewey. Yes, ha, ha, ha, curse you all; you will not get one cent of it. It is lost—it is all at the bottom of the sea. She's a beggar, take her and welcome. Ha, ha, ha."

The intense rage and excitement of the wounded man was too much for him in his feeble state. Blood gushed from his mouth and there was a choking, gurgling cry, a gasp and he was dead.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

Will Dobson did not care whether Ellen htad one cent or ten millions; he loved her just the same; yet he could not but regret that she had lost the ample fortune of her father. His love for her would have been no less had she been penniless, and fortunately he had an ample fortune of his own to support both.

At that moment in the awful presence of death, Ellen was not thinking of the lost fortune, but the lost soul of her uncle who had died cursing her. Even in death his face denoted hatred and rage. Torture had so twisted his features that he had the horrible grin of a demon frozen on his face.

Will Dobson looked about and found five other mangled bodies on the shelf, all crushed by the great mass of stone.

"That broadside would have swept General Merritt's army into nothingness," declared Tom Saddler.

Will now had time to examine Tom's arm and found a bone broken.

"Tom, you need a surgeon, but there is none nearer than the ship."

"I could not walk there to save my soul."

"Then we will have to carry you."

"Yes, an' by that time the revenue cutter will be gone. The natives will find us here and kill us, or else those rascals will return and do us up. Fact is, Mr. Dobson, we're in a tight box."

"Oh, don't take such a gloomy view of matters, Tom. Be more hopeful."

"I'm hopeful, long as there's signs."

"Well, there are signs."

"Where?"

He pointed to the marines, who, headed by Lieutenant Hobson himself, were coming up the mountain side to the rescue, and so near as to be within hailing distance.

"Don't you see them, and Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac, at their head?"

Will went to the edge of the precipice, where he would be seen by those below and shouted and waved his hat to attract the attention of the men coming up the mountainside.

He was recognized and an answering shout came back.

"Lieutenant, I was never more glad to see any one than you," said Will, grasping his hand.

"How came you here?"

"I escaped from that schooner you destroyed."

"I thought you were at Iloilo," said Hobson, with a look of perplexity on his face.

"I was; but was brought away by this ship."

"Not one of the crew?"

"No, sir; as a prisoner on board of her."

"Well, I am glad of that, for that craft was a treasonable pirate, and we would have hung the captain at the yard arm could we have got him."

"There he lays dead."

"It is all as well. It saves us a disagreeable task."

"Now, Lieutenant Hobson, you have heard the story of my early childhood and my girl sweetheart, Ellen Stanley?"

"Yes."

"This is Miss Ellen Stanley."

The lieutenant doffed his cap and bowed; then, as a new thought came to his mind, he said:

"Stanley—Helen Stanley, did you say?"

"Yes, lieutenant, Helen Stanley."

"Well, Mr. Dobson, that recalls something to my mind that is remarkable."

"What, lieutenant?"

"We have succeeded in raising some of the Spanish ships sunk by Admiral Dewey, and in one of them in a waterproof bag enclosed in a waterproof safe, was a large bundle of papers addressed to Helen Stanley. I looked among them and found a large fortune in stocks and registered bonds belonging to Helen Stanley, and it seems, from papers enclosed with them, they were bought for her six or seven years ago."

Grasping the lieutenant's hand in his own, Will Dobson said:

"You have done her a great service, lieutenant, and thwarted a scoundrel. He boasted just before his death that he had sunk her fortune in one of the Montejo's ships."

"So he had, but it is saved; every dollar of it is saved to her."

"I am glad of that."

"I hope the young lady will be able to go down the mountain now, for we must sail soon," said the lieutenant.

"I am able, quite able, lieuteant, to walk down the mountain, but this unfortunate man who is wounded in the arm, is not."

"Who is he?"

Will Dobson explained Tom's position and how he came to be wounded. Four men were detailed to bring him down on a litter. Others were detailed to bury the dead where they had fallen, all save Captain Clogson who was carried down near the beach and buried in the sand. The party went to the beach and were soon in a small steam launch speeding away to the United States revenue cutter.

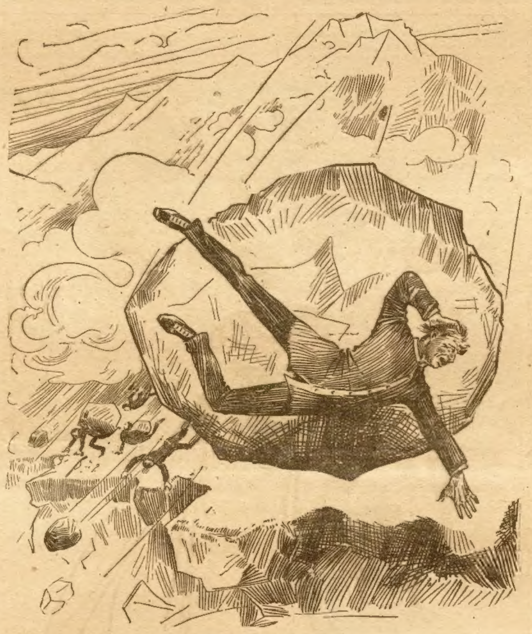
The deck was crowded with blue jackets all eager to know what had transpired to their shipmates on shore.

No further pursuit was made for the crew of the Blackcloud. They soon scattered among the native tribes, but there is no doubt that the wicked course they will continue to pursue will in the end bring them to justice.

The revenue cutter hastened with Will and Ellen to Manila. On the short voyage they occupied the cabin of the lieutenant and Will narrated his remarkable adventures. At the conclusion Hobson grasped his hand and said:

"Why, Mr. Dobson, truly my adventure in sinking the Merrimac, about which the public raved so much, pales into insignificance when compared with yours. You have been in greater danger than ever I was, and I hope the world may learn of it so as to give me a rest," and the lieutenant smiled.

"No, no, lieutenant, you risked your life for the nation; I for a selfish purpose. There are thousands of risks taken by private individuals for selfish purposes that never came to the light, but perhaps they keep these affairs secret to prevent being annoyed by weak minded women."



The death of captain Clogson.

The lieutenant laughed, but made no answer.

On reaching Manila Ellen proved her title to the papers and stocks and they were turned over to her. She also found a considerable amount of cash. She decided to return to San Francisco at once.

"Now, Ellen," said Will Dobson, "you are free; you are rich, and I need hardly tell you that I have always loved you."

"Oh, Willie, Willie,' in a moment her arms were about his neck, and they decided that the chaplain of one of the war ships should perform the ceremony, which he did next day. The happy bride and groom soon secured passage to San Francisco, but both will always remember their stirring adventures in the Philippines with Hobson.

(The end.)

Life Saved by Swamp-Root.

The Great Discovery That Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Statistics prove that more people are brought to the grave by diseases of the kidneys and bladder than by any other disease.

For many years medical science has been trying to discover some remedy that would positively overcome these dangerous troubles.

But not until recently was the discovery made. Doctor Kilmer, the eminent physician and scientist, after years of study and research, and after test on test that never varied in the grand result, announced the discovery of Swamp-Root, which has proven itself a most wonderful cure for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

While Swamp-Root has proven such a remarkable success in curing kidney and bladder diseases, it has also proved equally invaluable in the cure of blood diseases, rheumatism, liver and stomach troubles and in the regulation and cure of all uric acid troubles.

Swamp-Root has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief, and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of the Ledger, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and containing some of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact, their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root. Be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

This great modern discovery is for sale at most drug stores in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes.

10 Routes to the South

Via the Comfortable Monon Route. Four trains daily via Cincinnati, two trains via Louisville. Equipment up to date. Send for Booklet. Frank J. Reed, G. P. A., Chicago. City Ticket Office 232 Clark St.

Costly Leather.

The leather which is used to tip the hammers of the best pianos is of a remarkably soft quality. It is prepared by a family of tanners in Thuringia, Germany, by means of a process the secret of which they alone possess. The skins are procured in this country from one kind of deer—the gray deer of the northern lake district. Any other buckskin is useless. An agency in Minneapolis supplies the German tanners with the hides, and they are such good customers that they have no others.

Cheerful Soul.

"Good gracious, Bridget, I never dreamed that when I gave you an afternoon off you'd come back lugging one of the funeral wreaths." "Oi am goin' to sind it me sister's husband's aunt, poor soul! She has been ill foive weeks, and Oi think it might cheer her up."

MANLY VIGOR--NO DRUGS

When I started out 30 years ago as a young doctor in treating weak men, I gave drugs. I didn't know any better. But when I found there was really so little reliance to be placed in medical treatment, I commenced to cast about for other remedies.

One time I experimented with the galvanic current of electricity, and from that to the present day—25 years—I have not written a prescription for weak men. I have demonstrated the fact that a general treatment is required to gain lost strength, because these troubles come on slowly and involve not alone the nervous system and glands, but the Heart, Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, &c.

Electricity, I found, came up to the requirements of a general treatment, because Electricity is strength or nerve force, and it supplied the system with this lacking element; it built up slowly but surely the whole organism without the least stimulation, without a particle of danger. In the beginning, I gave a battery treatment, but I soon found that a home self-application was needed. I knew then that a portable battery was required, one which would give plenty of electricity and at the same time be light and convenient. This led me to invent a chain of cells which was worn around the patient's waist.

That first chain of cells was the beginning of what has developed into my 1899 model, Dr. Sanden

ELECTRIC BELT

with suspensory, the great treatment for weak men. Now known the world over.

Last year I restored 5,000 to strength who suffered from the results of youthful errors or later excesses, having had Losses, Nervous Debility, Lame Back, Impotency, Varicocele, &c.

Currents instantly felt, but under complete control of wearer, simply turn regulator screw to make mild or strong. Put it on at night when going to bed, and take it off next morning. Keep this up 60 to 90 days. That will bring back the lost vigor. If in or near these cities call, consult and examine free of charge or write for

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"Three Classes of men," which explains all and is sent free by mail in plain sealed envelope. All correspondence given faithful attention.

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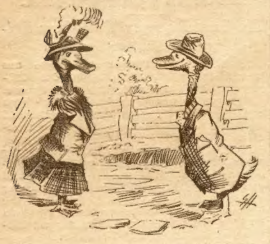
Christmas Morning.



"Good morning, Mr. Gander! A cool morning."

"Yes; I'm all covered with goose-pimples."

A SAD WEEK.

The year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's
SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little
MON.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues;
I've nothing here but ones and
TUES.

A bright thought struck him, and he said,
"The rich Miss Goldbricks I will
WED.

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,
THUR."

"Alas!" said he, "then I must die!
I'm done! I'll drown, I'll burn, I'll
FRI."

They found his gloves, and coat, and hat;
The coroner upon them
SAT.

Encouraging Him.

Hurry up, there," yelled the conductor to a man who had chased the car about a quarter of a mile, "we can't wait all day for you."

"Is this a Woodward avenue car?" asked the tall, thin man, who was panting like a tugboat after his long run.

"Yes," was the curt reply.

"That's right," said the thin man, "always speak the truth, and your neighbors will respect you."

And so saying he hurried around the corner, while the conductor came down from the car to look for a brick.

Mollified.

He kissed her boldly on Market street, opposite the Phelan building.

"Sir," she shrieked, "you are an utter stranger to me. What means this familiarity?"

"Miss," he replied, bowing low, "though we never met before, you must excuse me. I bet my friend that I would kiss the prettiest girl I saw on the block."

A soft, forgiving smile replaced her wrathful glance.

"You are forgiven this time," she said sweetly, "but please don't let it occur again."

Illustrious Origin.

"How slangy Tennyson's poetry is occasionally!" observed the girl in the fur jacket.

"You're prejudiced," replied the girl in the yellow buskins. "I never heard him accused of such a thing as that before."

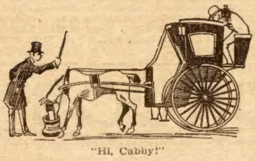
"You didn't know, perhaps, that he orginated one of the most odious slang phrases of the present day. Listen:

"Love took up the harp of life, smote on all its chords with night,
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music—out of sight!"

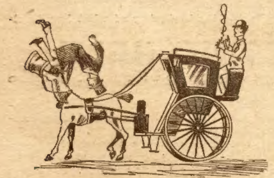
Insure Yourself against the attacks of fevers, pneumonia and other serious and prostrating diseases by taking a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic. Easy to take, easy to operate.

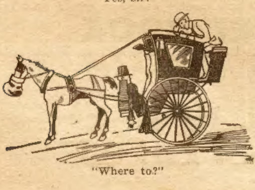
An Unwilling Acrobat.



"Hi, Cabby!"



"Yes, sir!"



"Where to?"

A Conference in the Study.

Dr. Thirdly—I am in dire straits.

Dr. Fourthly—What is the trouble?

Dr. Thirdly—It was decided some three months ago to cut down my salary.

Dr. Fourthly—Ah, that was unfortunate. But why not cut down your sermons?

Dr. Thirdly—That is exactly what I did, and they seemed to like the arrangement so well that they immediately cut down my salary again. Now, what am I to do?

Dr. Fourthly—Try making your sermons longer and see if they won't propose a compromise.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Very Convincing.

"Did you try that composition of mine?" asked the young man who composes alleged classical music.

"Yes," replied the young woman.

"Did you like it?"

"Ever so much. It's the first time I could get father to take any interest in our music."

"What did he say?"

"He said he believed we girls were right after all in saying that old piano of ours had outlived its usefulness, and that we might get a new one next week."

The School Boy's Opinion.

Parent—Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?

Johnny—I dunno.

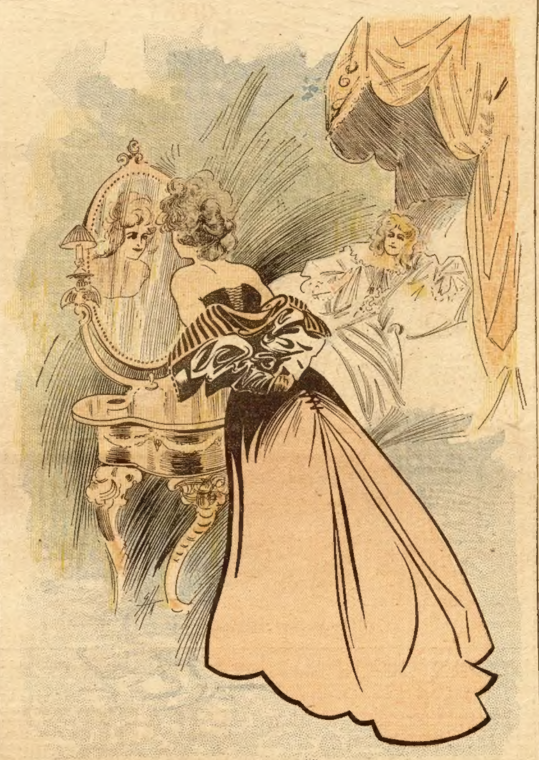
"I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons who is he that sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?"

"Why, the teacher."

A Terrible Thought.

"The first writing was done on stone," remarked the dry goods clerk boarder, who had been reading, lately.

"Great Heavens! Think of the postage!" involuntarily exclaimed the rising poet, with a shudder that rattled the dishes and caused the larger atoms of hash to come to the top.



"She is an artist's model."
"Just making a bare living, eh?"

In Danger.

"This animal, ladies and gents," said the showman, "is the chimpanzee. The remarkable thing about the chimpanzee, ladies and gents, is that it comes nearest to being a human person of any speeshy of the monkey tribe. This here is the chimpanzee, ladies and gents," he continued, "the one inside the cage. Please stand a little further back, sir! You'll get mixed."

And he glared at a masher who was poking the animal with his cane.

Saving Money.

Mrs. Billins—Is your son's wife an economical young woman?

Mrs. Flabbus—I should say so! She has induced him to let his whiskers grow, so as to be able to get along without neckties.

Time to Save.

Husband—There, the house is furnished at last, and now we can begin to save money.

Wife—Yes, we must save all we can, for the furniture we got first will soon be out of fashion.

Happy Man.

"You can't make me believe he is married to one of those intellectual women. His clothes are too neat."

"On that very account, my boy. She lets him take them to the tailor for all repairs."

Different.

"Now, then, government by conjunction—"
"You mean government by injunction."
"No, I don't; I was thinking of matrimony."
"Oh!"

A Chip of the Paternal.

Johnnie was trying on his first pair of trousers.

They were a great success.

Johnnie looked at them critically from every possible point of view.

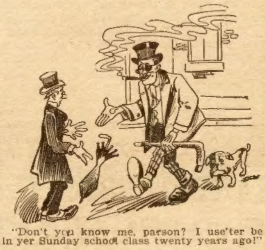
Then he glanced up.

"Now, see here," he said, in a tone of authority, "I ain't a-doin' to have muvver go froo dese pockets every night. No, sir!"

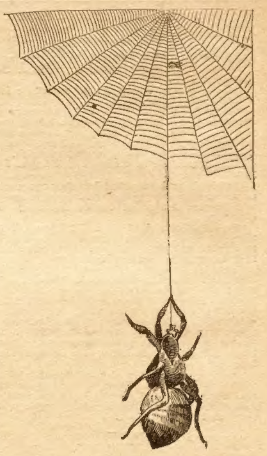
The Dachshunds and the Kid.

The funniest picture published. Send ten cents for a framing copy. Frank J. Reed, G. P. A. Monon Route, Chicago.

Establishing His Identity.



"Don't you know me, parson? I use'ter be in yer Sunday school class twenty years ago!"



The Spider—Ah! Mine is a very precarious existence! My life hangs by a mere thread most of the time.

Two Wheels Now.

Upon a gleaming tandem
They used to gayly flit
He pedalled like a major,
And never kicked a bit.

But he traded off his tandem
When she became his bride;
Today she also pedals
When they go forth to ride.

Only a Mistake.

Mother—I told you to give your sister half of that apple, and you have eaten it all yourself.

Small Son—I offered it to her, and she sucked it a little and then pushed it away.

Mother—Mary says you didn't.

Small Son—Oh, you mean that sister! I thought you meant the baby.

Presence of Mind.

"What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman.

"The horses are running away."

"Can't you pull them up?"

"I'm afraid not, sir."

"Then," said the lawyer, after judicial delay, "run into something cheap."

Worse Than Strong Drink.

Mr. Isolate (of Lonelyville)—What is the matter, Amabel? You seem agitated.

Mrs. Isolate (distractedly)—Oh, Ferdinand! Hurry into the kitchen and calm the cook! There's an eel coming throughg the cold-water faucet and she thinks she has the delirium tremens.—Puck.

Only Natural.

"Bimmerton is a man who deserves all the success that has come to him. He is grand, square and upright."

"Well, it ought to be easy enough for him to be all that. He is in the piano business, you know."

Vacillating.

Jimmy—Is your aunt on your mother's or father's side?

Tommy—Sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. It depends upon who is getting the best of it.

AGENTS WANTED

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AT POSSUM RUN.

Ike Quigley's Articles Describing School Days and Funny Happenings There.

NO. 9.

It is the prerogative of large boys to impose upon the smaller ones. They argue that they had to take kicks and cuffs when they were young, so it is but natural that they should seek to even up the score by passing the punishment along. It is seldom that the little fellows ever get even with their persecutors, but in the instance I am about to relate the big boy got his just due.

Tommy Spratt was six years old when he started to school, and as befitting such an important step in the lad's career his mother dressed him up in his best suit of clothes. His face was ridiculously clean for a boy of his age, so clean in fact that one might think him ill but for the sparkle of his bright eyes and the lively capers he cut while his mother combed the snarls out of his hair and plastered it close to his cranium with a dampened brush to insure it staying smooth. Then she fastened a huge bow of blue ribbon under his wide, stiffly-starched sailor collar, kissed him fondly and started the young hopeful off to the hall of learning, with the admonition to mind the teacher and keep his clothes clean.

Being a new scholar it was but natural that Tommy was forced to accept one of the front seats, for the more experienced scholars made it a point to secure the more desirable positions. He accepted the situation with a resignation unusual to one so young, and was lost in wonderment at the exercises and calling of classes until recess came. The scholars thronged upon the playground and gradually were grouped into little companies according to their ages and inclination.

Tommy was rather "large for his age" and he did not like being left to play with the boys of his own age and so he wandered away from them and approached a group of the larger boys who were engaged in the rough game of "crack the whip."

Ben Jordan, a husky youth of fourteen, was the manipulator of the whip, and from him the boys graded down to eight-year-olds who occupied the extreme end. The position of the "cracker" was one of danger and the experienced lad who found himself on the tail end of the long string usually let loose or hung back, digging his heels into the ground at the moment Ben gave the sudden jerk that was supposed to send them all sprawling.

"It's no fun unless you run, fellows," exclaimed Ben Jordan, disgustedly. Then he noticed Tommy Spratt watching them and he smiled with delight as he asked him to join them.

"I'm afraid you'll hurt me," squeaked Tommy, in his shrill treble.

"Aw, no, there ain't no danger," replied Ben. "All you have to do is to hold tight and run."

The other boys chuckled with anticipation as Tommy hooked onto the end when the line was re-formed. Fifteen of them joined hands with husky Ben Jordan at one end and diminutive Tommy Spratt at the other. They started and ran at full speed for some distance, then Ben suddenly stopped, planted his heels in the ground and gave a terrific "snap" to the line.

Alas for Tommy Spratt! His small body was not heavy enough to resist the shock, as the other boys on the tail end had done, and he went skimming along over the ground, tearing up the soft earth with his forehead and nose, while his small hands plowed a furrow deep enough to plant corn.

No one went to pick him up, for the boys were all too busy laughing at the great fun they had just had.

Tommy was too young not to cry, and that only added to his sorrowful plight. His face was skinned, his nose bleeding and his clean collar, blue tie and coat were smeared with blood and dirt. His hands were scratched and his long stockings cut through at the knees.

"We didn't mean to hurt you," said Ben, between spasms of laughter.

"Yes, you did," sobbed Tommy, "and I'll get even with you sometime." He went directly home to his mother, who took care of him and washed off the dirt and put vaseline on his wounds.

It was several days before Tommy return turned to school and he was very angry to learn that Ben had not been punished for hurting him.

"I'll get even, though," thought Tommy, and the sullen expression with which he regarded Ben would have given that worthy warning if he had not forgotten all about Tommy's threat.

The recitation benches were placed along in front of the first row of desks, and Ben Jordan's favorite seat while at recitation was just in front of Tommy Spratt. This fact set the youngster to thinking and finally he evolved a plan to get even with Ben.

He secured a small pine stick that had been used as a ruler and secretly he drove a pin through one end so that the sharp point protruded on the other side a sufficient distance to cause a spasm of pain to anyone who chanced to sit upon it.

He carried this into the schoolroom secreted under his buttoned-up coat, and placed it in his desk to await a favorable opportunity.

It came while the arithmetic class was reciting. 'Squire Higgins had dropped in for a short visit to the school and he was sitting at the teacher's desk. The teacher was doing her best to show the scholars off to a good advantage, and so did not notice Tommy, who was generally well-behaved.

Ben had worked a sum on the blackboard and explained it to the rest of the class. He returned to his accustomed seat just in front of the boy who owed him a grudge. Tommy saw his chance and quick as a flash he poked the ruler under his desk and laid the end with the pin in it upon the recitation bench.

An instant later Ben Jordan jumped straight into the air and let out a yell that made the windows rattle, while he convulsively grasped the seat of his trousers as if there was a red-hot coal concealed there.

"What is the matter, Ben?" asked the teacher, thinking the boy had a fit, or something equally as horrifying.

"A pin in the seat and I sat down on it!" shouted Ben.

The teacher searched the seat carefully and told him he was mistaken.

"It was there all right," blubbered the injured boy.

"Be seated," commanded the teacher.

Ben turned his back to sit down again; it was a fatal move, for his enemy was not through with him yet. Ere he could seat himself the intrepid youngster had slipped the pin under him again.

His yell this time was one of terror rather than pain as he jumped up and went dancing about.

"There is no pin there," remonstrated the teacher, surveying the bench, while Tommy Spratt looked over his desk with a frightened expression in his mild blue eyes. No one had seen his act and he was the last one to be suspected of such a trick.

"I think you are trying to play smart, Benjamin," ejaculated the teacher with considerable anger.

Now everyone knew that Ben hated 'Squire Higgins because the 'Squire had set his dog on Ben when that urchin was busy sneaking some of the 'Squire's choice pippins some weeks before. It was plausible that Ben was acting mean now just because the 'Squire was there. The teacher took this view of the matter and she proceeded to give Ben a beautiful thrashing, much to the joy of Tommy Spratt.

That day at noon as the scholars were going home to dinner Ben Jordan passed innocent little Tommy.

"I didn't mean to hurt you," called Tommy, gleefully.

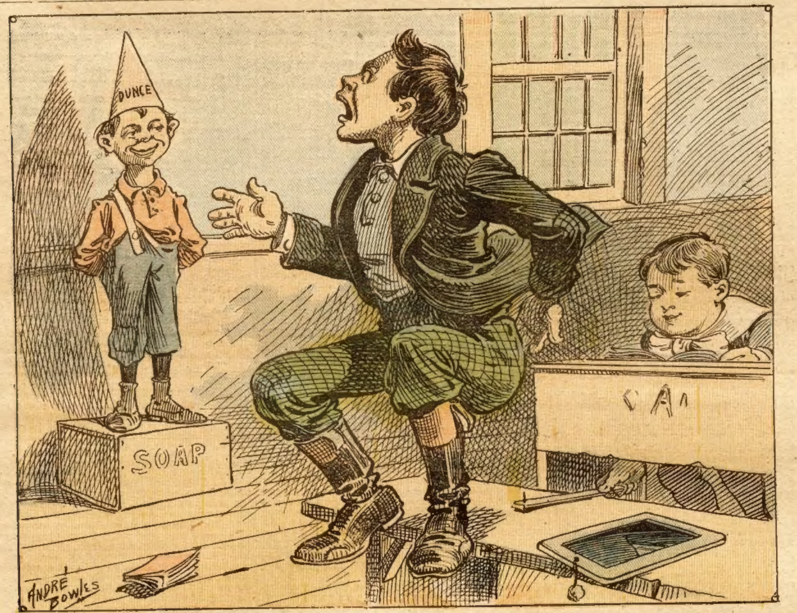
Instantly Ben recalled Tommy's threat.

"Did you put that pin under me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I guess you got good and even with me," acknowledged Ben.

"I said I would," replied Tommy, with conscious pride.



He sprang up as if he had seated himself on a coal of fire.

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UNIVERSAL MONOPLY.

The most extraordinary public phase of the present day is the formation of trusts. All signs point to a people absolutely governed and dominated by combinations of capital. It is estimated that only eleven commodoties used by the people are now left to pass under the control of monopolies, and when those are absorbed, the strange and unparalleled spectacle will be presented to the world of a nation, once boasted as the cradle of liberty, utterly dominated by a few rich men. There is in all history no such example as the United States is destined to present within a year or two. The amount of wealth already combined and organized is beyond the capacity of the imagination to grasp. Free competition is already very nearly wiped out, in a few months, almost, there will be but one form of competition left—the strife among those who work for positions in the service of the trusts. The right to hold free opinions, the right to vote according to individual judgment, all freedom, as the American citizen has understood the term, is destined to pass from the people in the overshadowing power of combined capital. This appalling disaster is bound to come if the American people permit the final consummation of the plans of the money kings.

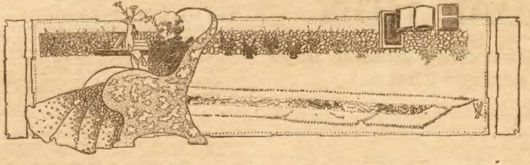
During the discussion recently of a projected tax reform in Brunswick a prominent member of the legislature of the duchy, Lambrecht Reinsdorf, strongly advocated the insertion of a paragraph taxing not only a man's estate, real and personal, but also his accumulated knowledge. In his speech this solon said that it was a well known fact that those who had learned a good deal were thereby the owners of a capital on which they could always and everywhere draw, and with which they could make money. Therefore, he went on, it was rank untruth to call such men poor and bitter injustice not to tax them. Reinsdorf, the originator of this novel scheme of raising revenue, is the leader of the Brunswick agrarians. His plan, for the time being, however, has failed.

Experiments recently made in Paris show that an electric wagon costs forty-seven per cent less to run than a horse wagon, and thirty-two per cent less than a petroleum motor.

Gomez seems to be an annexationist so far as the sublime privileges of the American dollar are concerned.

In a sense General Eagan is somewhat embalmed himself at present.

The Atlantic ocean is crossed monthly by 1,000 ships.



A BROKEN GLASS.

BY MARY B. GOODWIN.

"Here's your breakfast, Brother Laban," said Miss Amanda, coming in with a flushed face from the kitchen, and depositing a tray on a small table near her brother's easy chair.

He looked at the contents of the tray, lifted his hands, and almost screamed, "Do you want to kill me? Broiled chicken and eggs, and bread with butter on it. I'd be in my grave in less than two weeks if I listened to you, 'Mandy! Take them all away!"

Miss Amanda did not obey without a remonstrance, but the will of her brother was not to be shaken, and with a sigh she removed the viands which she had prepared to tempt his appetite. Presently she came back with a cup of weak tea and a slice of stale bread, innocent of butter. The invalid gazed at it.

"I've no appetite," he said.

"I don't wonder," replied Miss Amanda. "If you would only try something nutritious——"

At that moment the crash came—an awful crash in the room overhead. Miss Amanda thought she knew what it was. Without a word she flew out into the hall, up the stairs and into the company bed room, where she found the realization of her worst fears.

Stretched on its back lay the heavy, old-fashioned bureau, with its surmounting mirror severed from it and shatterd into countless fragments.

A boy, some 13 years of age, stood near the wreck, gazed down upon it with a stupefied expression. Presently he drew his hand across his eyes, and looking up, saw Miss Amanda. Her face seemed to tell him that this thing was not a dream, and he gave a little cry and ran to her.

"Oh, Aunt 'Mandy," he said, his voice coming in little gasps, "I'm so sorry! I'll give you my calf and both my lambs."

His evident contrition and his eagerness to make amends touched her deeply, but it was the look in his eyes, so like his father's, that overcame her. She could never think of her brother David—the impulsive, affectionate and unfortunate—without a soft stirring of the heart. This, the younger David, resembled his father at all times, but the resemblance had never been so vivid as at that moment

She held out her arms to him and burst into tears, tears with which he freely mingled his own, although he did not understand the cause of her weeping.

A deep groan told of another arrival on the scene, and Mr. Laban Rutledge tottered into the room, and dropped upon the nearest chair. Curiosity and apprehnsion had given him strength to climb the stairs, a feat of which he would have declared himself incapable five minutes before.

"Seven years!" he groaned. "Seven years of bad luck! I shall not live to see the end of them, 'Mandy! I shall go out in the thick of it, or maybe at the beginning, and you'll have to weather the rest without me.

"No, I'm not superstitious," he continued, in reply to her remonstrance. "Nobody can say I'm superstitious, or ever have been; but there are some signs that are given for a warning, and we can't deny them. Ask Jesse Martin what happened at his house before Texas fever broke out among his cattle and pinkeye among his horses. Ask Widow Jinkins what it was that told her Abram Jinkins was killed at Pea Ridge two weeks before the news got to her. And if old Uncle Andy Simpson hadn't died in the poorhouse last winter, he could have told you what was the beginning of the bad luck that brought him there."

"If you were well, Brother Laban, you would not think of such things," said Miss Amanda, gently.

"If I were well I might weather them," he answered, "but as it is, I shall never see the end. I shall go out in the beginning. Help me down to my bed, 'Mandy."

He did not rise again that day, or the next, and his condition was not improved by a visit of condolence from Widow Jinkins, who, having heard of the broken mirror from the man who was called to set up the bureau, lost no time before repairing to the ill-omened house.

Meanwhile the boy who had broken the looking-glass quite recovered his usual high spirits.

"Oh, that boy! That boy!" sighed Mr. Laban Rutledge, as his nephew went whistling through the yard the following Monday morning, clanking the empty milk-pails together in a way that foretokened dents and bruises and dislocated handles. "How came he to break that glass, 'Mandy?" Hitherto Mr. Rutledge had been too much borne down by the calamity to ask the particulars.

"He heard me say I wanted the carpet taken up, and he thought he would surprise me by drawing the tacks while I was getting breakfast," said Miss Amanda. "So he tried to move the bureau, not knowing it was top-heavy. He is thoughtless and prone to accidents, but unselfish and affectionate."

"He is like his father," Mr. Rutledge replied. "He goes his own way, asking counsel of no man, and destruction follows after."

Miss Amanda left the room abruptly. She had stood between her two brothers while both lived, but now that the younger and dearer was dead, she could brook no unkind mention of his shortcomings.

It was three years since David Rutledge brought his happy heart and boyish pranks into the big, still house where his uncle and aunt had so long lived alone. To the one he had been from the first a joy incarnate, to the other a constant source of vexation. Both loved him, and both were bent on the performance of their full duty to him, but their ideas of duty were widely at variance.

Perhaps the natures of the brother and sister were not dissimilar in their childhood, but Amanda had had all her views of life broadened by a liberal education, while Laban had little knowledge or ambition beyond the confines of the farm on which he had spent his days in hoarding and toiling until sickness came upon him, and left him weakened in both body and mind.

Miss Amanda was an incomparable nurse. She had been a hospital nurse during the war, and it was while thus employed that she contracted the disease which robbed her face of its beauty, but left her heart even kinder than before. Since then she had been an angel of mercy at many sick beds; but her nursing—which others found so efficacious—was only partially successful with her brother, who had become an almost incurable hypochondriac.

After the breaking of the mirror, the little hope which had been left in him seemed to die out, and he watched momentarily for the beginning of the misfortunes which were to run through seven years.

"Where's Davis?" he asked Monday evening, when he heard the milch cows lowing outside the gate. "Stopped at that engineering camp again, I suppose. Why don't you make him quit, 'Mandy? Why don't you make him come straight home from school? That's what I'd do if he had been left in my care as he was in yours."

"I don't think it is time misspent," replied Miss Amanda. "He takes such an 'nterest in engineering that the men like to talk to him and answer his questions. He will be here soon, I think."

She glanced up at the clock, then put up her sewing and went out to the shelf where the milk buckets were airing, just to assure herself that they were all ready for her boy, and that he should not be delayed by anything which she could avoid.

"Why, he has been here!" she said, in some surprise, seeing his knife sticking in the end of the shelf, "and is this his school report, I wonder?"

She took up a folded paper which the knifeblade had pinned to the shelf, opened it, and read:

"Dear Aunt Mandy: I have bad news for you, but you must not be scared, because maybe I won't have it, after all. The Dr. looked at my arm and said I had a good scar. He was at the camp when I got there this morning. I stopped just a minute to see how Plunket was, because he was right sick when I was there Saturday. Doctor told me to clear out in a hurry, but when I told him I'd been there every day except Sunday, he said he guessed I was in for it.

It is the Smallpox I am talking about, but I didn't want to tell you too sudden. Plunket is real bad with it, and they have taken him up the river to the County pest house. He caught it from the tramp that stopped there last month. You know I told you about the tramp, and how he couldn't speak English. I was as close to him as Plunket was. Well, they have found out now that he had the Small Pox.

Dr. says he don't think I will have any thing worse than Very Loid.

Of course I didn't go to school. First I started to come back home to you, but I knew that might be dangerous to uncle who has never had it, so I came here to the old house and sat down and thought out a plan.

This is my plan. I am going into quarantine here in the Old House. I am fixed up pretty comfortable, and the well and the dry cord-wood are handy. I didn't have any trouble getting my cot out of my room. I slipped up the back stairs while you were taking your nap after dinner, and brought it down and plenty of bed clothes and what ever I thought I would need. I was very careful not to touch anything except what I brought away. This is a long letter but I've had most all day to write it in. I'll stop now and rest my hand.

I've rested. You mustn't come any nearer than the back orchard fence, else you might carry it to uncle in your clothes. Bring me something to eat every day, and put it down by the fence and when you go away I'll go get it.

Now, I'm coming to the best part of my plan. It is a little flag I have fixed up on the old weather vane. You can see it from the upstairs windows. I've got a string tied to it sose I can pull it down in a second. As long as you see that flag flying I am all right.

When you don't see the flag you may know I've got it, and you can send for the doctor and maybe he can get some body that's had it to come and stay with me.

Of course I know you can't leave uncle. Don't let them take me to the pest house. This is all, I believe. Write me a little note to tell me if you get this, and bring it to the fence with my supper. Oh, yes! the doctor gave me something to take that he said would stave it off if any thing would. I'm taking it right along. It aint bad.

Now I'm going up through the orchard and put this on the bucket-shelf and run back.

Give my love to Uncle and tell him I'm sorry about the cows.

Good-by. Your affectionate nephew,

DAVID RUTLEDGE.

P. S. Don't let them take me to the pest house.

Long before Miss Amanda finished reading David's letter her face was as white as the paper on which it was written.

Her first act was to run upstairs and look out of a west window. The flag was flying from the top of the old log house which had been the family home before their present habitation was erected. It stood in the edge of a pasture a quarter of a mile distant. The orchard fence was within speaking distance of it.

Next she went down and turned the cows in to their calves.

"Well, so he's come at last," said Mr. Rutledge when the lowing ceased. "'Mandy, oh, 'Mandy!"

She came in, breathless from her rapid movements, but outwardly calm, and gave him the medicine he asked for. Then she went to her own room and sat down and wrote:

"My Dearest Boy: I am glad to find you so courageous and self-reliant. Your plan gives me time to mature one of my own, and I will not interfere with it for the present. I agree with the doctor in thinking you will have nothing worse than varioloid, but whatever comes, be assured of one thing; no hands but mine shall nurse you. Be of good cheer. You have seen the evil result of despondency. Let plenty of fresh air into your room, but avoid draughts. Be very careful to cover your fire, and put out your lamp before you go to sleep. Good night, and God bless you.

AUNT AMANDA.

This letter and some very simple articles of food were put into a basket and conveyed by Miss Amanda to the place appointed by her nephew. He was watching for her. She had one glimpse of him before he ran within and shut the door with an ostentatious bang. She could not refrain from smiling a little.

"He is fairly revelling in the situation thus far," she said, as she set the basket down and hurried back to her brother, casting about in her mind as she went for some words in which to break the news to him.

"It must be done tonight," she said. "To-morrow will bring its own duties"

Laban refused his frugal meal, saying he felt worse than usual, and went early to bed. Miss Amanda brought a chair and sat near him in silence for a little while; then she said:

"Brother Laban, I can say something to-night which I have never before been able to say, although I have tried faithfully."

"What is it?" he asked, feebly.

"I can say I thank God that I have had the smallpox."

"What good has it ever done you?" he asked, querulously.

"It exempts me from all danger of the disease, and leaves me free to nurse my family should they have it."

He raised up on his elbow and looked at her. "What's put you to thinking about smallpox?" he asked. "Is it in the neighborhood?"

"Yes," she said, "and Davie has been exposed to it."

His head dropped back upon the pillow

"Do not be afraid for yourself," she said. "He is not under this roof. You are in no danger from him."

"Davie exposed to smalljox!' Davie not under this roof! Where is Davie?" he cried out.

"He is in the old house," she said, "and quite alone. As soon as he found out he had been exposed to the disease he went there and shut himself up. He does not ask me to come to see him because he is afraid that would expose you to danger. He does not even expect me to nurse him if the very worst comes, because he says he knows you cannot spare me."

Mr. Rutledge was sitting up in bed now. "I can spare you, 'Mandy," he said, tremulously. "I can, and you must go to the boy."

He put his thin hands over his face and wept piteously, and although her heart ached for him she said nothing to comfort him. It seemed good to her for him to suffer anything that would take his thoughts off himself.

More than once in the night, she heard him cry out that he had not thought about its being Davie who would die.

The first glimmer of daylight saw Miss

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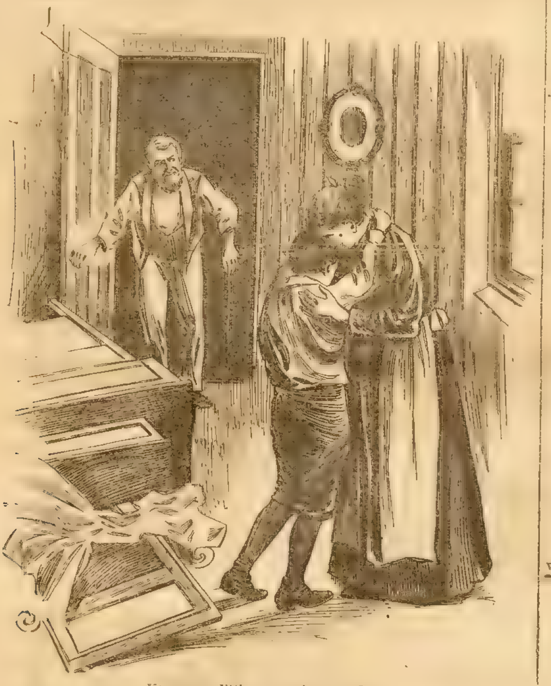

He gave a little cry and ran to her.

Amanda at the west window. The little flag was flying gaily in the early breeze. She turned from it with a fervent "Thank God!" and descended to the kitchen, but breakfast was scarcely commenced before a loud "Hello!" called her to the front yard.

"How's all?" shouted Mr. Brown, from the stile where he sat upon his horse ready to turn and flee at a moment's notice.

"As well as usual," was Miss Amanda's reply, whereupon Mr. Brown beckoned her to come nearer, and explained to her that the neighbors were in a state of great excitement about the smallpox, that they had heard of David's exposure to it, and that they were anxious to serve her in any way that would not require them to come into her house.

"I hope you won't think badly of us for that," he added.

"Certainly not," said Miss Amanda, "and to prove it I will ask an immediate favor at your hands. Will you drive up to Atchinson for me this morning, and give a note to Doctor Linley?"

Mr. Brown was very willing to do this act of neighborly kindness, but he took the note from Miss Amanda's hand rather gingerly, and she, knowing what was in his mind, did not blame him in her own.

"Doctor will send me some small parcels by you," she said, "and I want you, please, to call at the Larkins place as you come back, and ask Mr. Larkins to let Tobe come to me for a few weeks. Tobe has had the smallpox and need not fear us. I will pay him a man's wages just to stay on the place, and do the light work which David usually does before and after school."

That was a busy morning for Miss Amanda. She baked many loaves of bread, and packed them away in close boxes, and set her house in order as if preparing to go away on a long journey.

"I hope I shall not have to go," she said to her brother, "but if Davie does have the disease it will be a month before we can come back to you. I can do the cooking for Davie and myself over at the old house. You and Tobe will have to manage as best you can. You both know something about cooking, and I'll leave things as well fixed for you as possible."

"If you only had kept him away from those engineers!" was the doleful reply, and Miss Amanda winced. More than once this reflection had troubled her, but she met it bravely.

"I tried to do what was best," she said. "I have studied the boy's nature and have prayed constantly for guidance. I cannot think God would let me make a fatal mistake."

When she took her boy's dinner to the fence she found this bulletin under a clod:

"Dear Aunt M.: All right, but a little headache. Bring Robinson Crueso when you come next. D. R.

Mr. Brown returned shortly after noon, accompanied by Tobe Larkins, a tall, loose-jointed youth of sixteen who brought with him an exaggerated estimate of his own importance on this occasion.

Miss Amanda, listening with much impatience to his flow of conversation through the long afternoon, could not help wondering how her brother would stand it when he and Tobe were left alone in the house.

Mr. Rutledge had climbed the stairs that day for the second time in four months, and made a fire in the west room, in order to watch David's signal.

Just before sunset a cry of alarm summoned his sister to his side, where he stood at the west window.

The little flag was down. Thus David signalled, "I have the smallpox."

Miss Amanda called Tobe in haste from the milking pen to transport bundles of bedding, an easy chair, a few cooking utensils and a basket.

"I can carry them the rest of the way," Miss Amanda said to her brother. "Good-by for a while," she added. "Try to build up your strength for David's sake. It may be greatly needed before we are through with this."

Three times a day, for the next six days, Tobe came to the fence for the verbal messages which Miss Amanda sent by him to her brother Laban

On the seventh she was almost stricken dumb by seeing Laban himself

"I've sent him home," he called out to her in answer to her inquiry about Tobe, and the strength of his voice surprised her. "He just about drove me out of my senses with his shilly-shally ways, and I'd rather do the work myself than listen to his everlasting gabble. How's Davie?'

She made her report, which was encouraging and went back into the log house without one word about her brother's health and this was the beginning of a routine which went on without interruption for three weeks.

When David was entirely well, with only two or three small pink scars, which would fade away in time, he and Miss Amanda crossed the orchard to their home.

Mr. Laban Rutledge had spread a feast worthy of the occasion. Miss Amanda's finest china graced the board and there was a bunch of crocuses in the center. And wasn't the cooking worthy of a chef? And didn't David open his eys when he saw Uncle Laban help himself to roast mutton and corn bread and buttermilk?

"It was the exercise that did it," he said. "You see I had to go to the milking pen and stables, or that Tobe would have let things go to rack and ruin; and when I'd get back to the house there'd be such a craving weakness in my chest I'd just have to take a little bit of something strengthening. By and by I felt almost hungry enough to eat the cooking stove.'

"I'm awful glad you didn't" laughed David, "for Aunt 'Mandy has been starving me for—well, about a year it seems."

It was a happy reunion, and it took place just seven years ago.

"They've been just about the best seven years of my life," says Uncle Laban. "I almost think a smashed looking-glass is a sign of good luck; but I suppose, on an average, it isn't a sign of anything, except that you'll have to buy a new one and be more careful how you move the bureau round."—Youth's Companion.

MY LOVE.

By Theodore Pickering Garrison.

My love made a tower of his heart—
  My love hath made a stronghold of his arms—
Wherein my happy life is set apart.
  My love hath made a tower of his heart—
Not mine the dust and turmoil of the mart—
  Sheltered am I from tumult and alarms.
My love hath made a tower of his heart,
My love hath made a stronghold of his arms.

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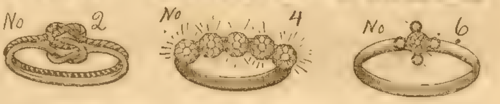
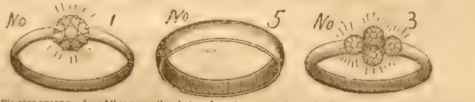


Enclose slip of paper showing size of finger.



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BLUE WATER ROVERS.

In Search of What?---A Thrilling Story of Peril and Adventure---To Quicken the Pulse of Boys and Girls.

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SYNOPSIS

A strange ship appears at Gray Gull, a New England fisher village, years ago. The craft is commanded by Karl Lorraine, a handsome young fellow. They believe the ship is a pirate craft, but Karl denies it He says he is an exile and is looking for Jack Weatherhorn, who lives in Gray Gull Ned Raynor, who lives with a man named Deems, who abuses him, and Ralph Morton, nephew of Weatherhorn, are on the beach A man falls overboard from the strange ship, and Ned rows out and rescues him. When he returns to shore Deems, being drunk, attacks him. Ned fells him with an oar.

CHAPTER III.

THE SAILOR'S SECRET.

Karl remained with Jack Weatherhorn nearly two hours. Whatever that interview had been no one knew, nor was there any prospect of its being known. The watchers did know, however, that the young commander turned away from the house with a white face, and he trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Jack must be an ol' friend o' yours," said Captain Saggerlog, evasively. "You have a pretty town, here."

"Ruther. Say, capen, I s'pose ye won't object to company. Some o' th' boys hev a mind to row out. They air cl'an gone daft, I do believe, over your craft.

Karl smiled faintly.

"I should be pleased to meet any of you on the Silversail. Perhaps tomorrow. Now it might not be—be best."

It may have been the simple utterance of the last words, or that, coupled with his tone—his look—which caused the fisherman to shrink back and without another word allow the youthful commander to step into his boat, and with a graceful sweep of his hand turn his attention to his ship.

"D'ye s'pose it's as bad as thet?" asked an old seadog.

"More'n likely," replied Captain Saggerlog, with an ominous shake of his grizzled head. "I tol' ye there was something wrong."

It soon became known over town that an unwelcome visitor was in Gray Gull's peaceful waters, and all day long she was watched with mingled curiosity and alarm.

Jack Weatherhon was found at his home undergoing great mental agony, while his wife was wringing her hands and lamenting most piteously.

But to all the unfortunate callers they would not divulge a word in regard to the cause of this undue state of affairs.

The old sailor remained in his house during the day, until toward night he stole out of the back door, and, accompanied by his wife, stood on the crest of the hill, overlooking the sea, a long time, watching the Silversail.

"Do you think he'll go away tonight, Jack?" asked his companion, anxiously.

"Let us hope so, Nancy," he replied, in a husky voice. "Ef it wa'n't for ye an' Ralph I'd go with him."

"No—no, Jack! You must not—you shall not!"

"But think of what there is at stake, Nancy. What if he should fail?"

"We'll not think of that; we'll hope for the best."

"While the wuss happens, as it usually does," he said, bitterly.

"Don't borrow any trouble, Jack."

"Ay," he mused, as if speaking to himself, "it's goin' to be a long time to wait, an' how shall I know he's done his work? Ay, I hev it; I'll send a spy to watch over him."

"Watch over him?" cried his wife, sharply. "Talkin' nonsense to yerself ag'in, Jack. Come down to the house at once. Ye sha'n't stay here another minnit."

With a last look at the ship, which had not changed her position, Jack followed his wife to their home.

Upon reaching the house he found Ralph there, the first time he had seen him during the day.

"Look here, my boy," he said, abruptly. "how'd ye like to take another sea voyage?"

"What! On the Silversail?" cried Ralph, speaking the thought uppermost on his mind.

"Ay, ay, sir, on the Silversail."

"Can I, uncle? Oh, say that I can."

"I've a mind to let ye."

"Hurrah! Won't that be grand! But say, Uncle Jack, can't Ned Raynor go with me? He wants to go real bad, and old Deems has treated him shamefully."

"I don't care," said Jack, in an abstracted manner; "what d'ye say, Nancy?"

He was referring to Ralph's going away, and she understood it so.

"Do as you think best, Jack.'

I am inclined to think she was glad to give her consent, for Ralph was no favorite with her.

"It won't do enny hurt to see th' young cap'en. Get on your best togs, Ralph, an' we'll row out to th' ship bimeby."

It was evident that the old sailor did not wish to be seen making his visit to the strange ship. This plan had been in his mind all day, though he had guarded his secret very carefully.

"I will go and tell Ned!" cried Ralph, impulsively, forgetting in his excitement he had not got his uncle's consent to the company of the other. Jack seemed to have forgotten it, too, as he said:

"Wal, don't tell ennybody."

Without stopping to make any promises Ralph rushed out of the house.

We left Ned on the Point of Pines as Ralph Morton had called out to him to flee from the lifeless form of Zack Deems.

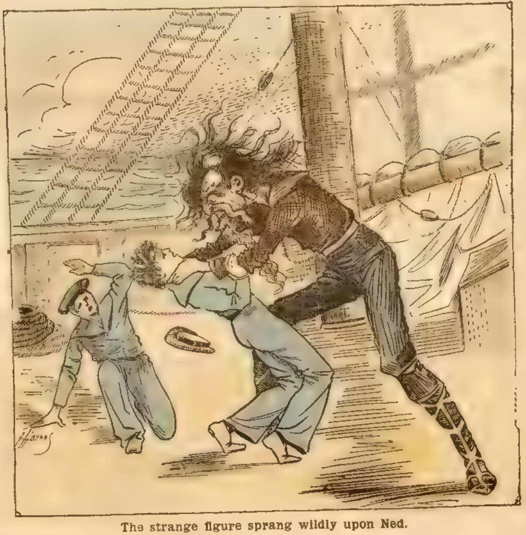
Terrified at what he had done, he started to obey the thoughtless command.

But upon reaching the other side he stopped.

"Have I killed him? I did not mean to. What shall I do?"

"Come with me," answered Ralph. "You must not be seen here. Come with me, and I will save you."

Ned hesitated a moment—long enough for him to gather his scattered faculties, when he realized that it would be wrong and unwise to run away.



The strange figure sprang wildly upon Ned.

"No—no, Ralph; I must not do that. He may not be dead. If he isn't, I must get help to carry him home. If he is dead—oh, surely, they cannot blame me!"

"You are a fool, Ned Raynor! Come along with me, or you will ge yourself into a pretty muss. Likely enough they will hang you!"

"I can't help it if they do, Ralph. It is my duty to stay."

"You are the biggest fool I ever met!" growled Ralph, as Ned broke from his grasp to start toward the prostrate sailor.

He had not taken many steps, however, before Deems rose to a sitting posture, rubbing his head and muttering incoherently to himself.

"He lives!" cried Ralph.

Ned paused with a feeling of great relief. He had not killed him!

At sight of him Zack Deems seemed suddenly to recover his energies, as well as his muddled senses, and he staggered to his feet, crying hoarsely:

"Ho! ye young lubber! Jess let me lay anchor on ye an' I'll flay ye alive fer thet blow. Ye Satan's own brat! to pay me thus arter I nussed ye on th' milk o' human kindness so long!"

He had seized the oar which Ned had dropped, and, while giving expression to his rage in furious threats, he started toward the youth as fast as he could shamble along.

Now that he had an open course Ned could easily keep out of his way; and, seeing that he was not seriously injured by his blow, and that his presence only irirtated him, he wisely concluded to escape at once.

"Come back to me, so I can pound ye!" cried the maddened man. "Th' fust time I can lay hands on ye I'll kill ye!"

With this threat ringing in their ears, Ned and Ralph ran as fast as they could toward the village.

The former was careful to keep out of his guardian's sight during the day.

Ralph, after leaving his uncle, found Ned down on the Point of Pines, whither the latter had gone to get a last look at the Silversail.

"Hurrah, Ned!" was Ralph's greeting. "I have glorious news for you. We are going!"

CHAPTER IV.

FAREWELL TO FRIENDS.

Ned was at a loss to account for his companion's excited words and manner.

"Uncle says that I can go, and you may go with me."

"On the Silversail?"

"Yes; won't it be jolly?"

"I would like to go ever so much, but I don't see how I can."

"Why, yes, you can; uncle says so!" said Ralph, seeming to think nothing further was to be considered.

"Oh, no; I can't, Ralph."

"Why not?"

"Because—because, I can't!" was Ned's illogical reply.

"There's nothing to hinder. Old Deems ain't got any claim on you Jack says he ain't. There's no use for you to stay here and be welted by him. A sea voyage'll do you good, and there's so much to be seen and learned. When you come back you can laugh at Zack Deems' threats. Didn't he say he'd kill you the first time he set eyes on you? I tell you, you must go."

To speak the truth, without having any longings for a sea voyage, this had been in Ned's mind all the day. Over and over again he wished he might go.

He dared not go back to live with Zack Deems, even if he wished to do so, which he didn't. Life at the old sailor's lonely home—if it could be called a home—had become unendurable. Time was when, Mrs. Deems being alive, things were different. But with her death the last ray of sunlight had gone out of the desolate dwelling.

What were the simple fisher folk to him? As long ago as he could remember he had been taught to call them father and mother. Then, as he grew older, he was told differently, though whom his parents were he could not learn. If they knew they would not tell, more than that his father had been a sailor, and was lost at sea with all on shipboard.

Sometimes he thought Mrs. Deems, who stood in great fear of her heartless husband, knew more than she dared to tell. A few hours before she died she called him to her bedside, while Zack was out of the room, and, taking a curiously wrought ivory cross from under her pillow, she fastened it to a chain and gave it to him as a keepsake, charging him many times over not to let her husband see them. She seemed about to say more, when he re-entered the apartment, and she only whispered.

"I have more to tell you at another time."

The opportunity never came, for when Ned next saw her she had passed beyond the power of speech.

Her gift he kept as a precious memento. One side of the cross had been carved into the semblance of an aged, kindly looking man, standing upright, with his arms outstretched to make the horizontal bar. Long, flowing hair and beard fell down his shoulders and breast, while his head was surmounted by a crown. In his right hand he held a tiny trident; in the other a fish. Even Ned knew that this quaint figure represented Father Neptune, the king of the sea.

His father was a sailor. Why should not he become one? In the midst of these thoughts, which had followed each other very rapidly, Ralph exclaimed, impatiently:

"Come; you haven't all night to decide in."

"I will leave it to Jack. If he says——"

"Hurrah! Let's go to the house at once."

"Any harm in yer takin' a sea v'yage?" repeated the old tar, as Ned referred the case to him. "Of course there isn't. It'll be th' makin' o' ye, too. 'Sides, Ralph'll be proper glad to hev ye go. Ye'll be company fer each other.

"Old Deems' consent? Pooh! He's no more to do 'bout it'n I hev. In fact, he's all the more reason w'y ye sh'u'd go.

"Mebbe th' skipper won't hev ye? Oh, I'll fix thet all right. As to yer duds, I'll look arter 'em, too, same's Ralph's."

So it was decided that Ned and Ralph should ship on the Silversail, and they were anxious to be in readiness for a start.

Ned, it will be seen, had decided upon this most important step in his life not without calm consideration, and with the fixed purpose in his mind of improving to the best advantage his circumstances.

Ralph, on the other hand, forgetting his past experience, was in great eagerness to go, from the novelty and excitement of the undertaking. By the time he had been at sea twenty-four hours he would be heartily sick of his bargain.

It was past sunset before Jack consented to accompany the boys out to the ship, as impatient as they were to go.

The evening was extremely pleasant, and the passage down the bay would have been an enjoyable one under different circumstances.

As it was, Jack was silent and morose, while Ned and Ralph were so excited over their sudden change of fortune that they could see nothing but the shadowy form of the brig in the distance.

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Half Sick Half Well

Many persons have their good day and their bad day. Others are about half sick all the time. They have headache, backache, and are restless and nervous. Food does not taste good, and the digestion is poor; the skin is dry and sallow and disfigured with pimples or eruptions; sleep brings no rest and work is a burden.

What is the cause of all this?

Impure blood.

And the remedy?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It clears out the channels through which poisons are carried from the body. When all impurities are removed from the blood nature takes right hold and completes the cure.

If there is constipation, take Ayer's Pills. They awaken the drowsy action of the liver; they cure biliousness.

Write to our Doctor.

We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

"Hark, what was that?" asked Ned, and as they lay on their oars listening to the sound of a sweet, musical voice, the following song was borne to their ears, its soft cadence filling the evening air with a melody that held them entranced:

My eyes are weary watching for a sight I never see—
A sail upon the distant billows bringing unto me
The highest treasure ever borne across the rolling green,
The kingdom of a loyal heart, and I've been chosen queen!
And I've been chosen queen!

My heart is heavy waiting by the sullen, sorrowing sea
For the ship that never comes—my golden argosy!
'Tis freighted with the rarest prize by mortal ever seen,
The happy kingdom of true love, and I'm to be its queen!
And I'm to be its queen!

O heart, still thy anxious throbs; O soul, give o'er thy prayer;
No keel plows yonder flashing main; no sail waves in the air!
My ship is lost, forever lost, while 'neath the ocean sheen
My kingdom hopeless lies, and I shall never be a queen!
Shall never be a queen!

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Ned, as the sweet song died away. "Who can she be?"

"Someone on the ship," replied Jack. "A woman on shipboard!" And the old tar shook his head. "No good'll come on it, mark my words."

Nothing further was heard from the singer, and a few minutes later the stentorian voice of the ship's lookout rang over the water:

"Boat, ahoy!"

"Ahoy it is," answered Jack. "Throw a line, for I would come aboard."

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Tell yer cap'en ol' Jack Weatherhorn has come."

"Ay, ay, sir."

They had run up under the lee stern rail, and as the ship's rope was dropped down to them the old sailor quickly ascended to the rail, when he disappeared from the sight of the waiting boys.

To their disappointment he had told them to remain in the boat until he returned.

It seemed to them a long time, and Ralph proposed that they follow him, which proposition Ned declined to carry out.

At last, however, Jack reappeared with the assuring announcement that it was "all ship shape."

"We'll go back arter yer duds purty lively, fer the brig is to sail in two hours."

"So soon?" exclaimed the boys, in the same breath.

"Ay, ay, me lads. There's something mighty queer 'bout that boy, cap'en. I'm a bit skeery 'bout yer shippin' with him. Howsumever, ef ye keep yer weather eye open ye'll come round in ship-shape order."

Preparations had been made for packing their trunks, and when they got back Nancy had everything in readiness.

Jack had very kindly bought Ned all that he would need in the way of clothing, which the latter was to pay for when he came back.

"That is a better rig-out than I had on my fust v'yage, so I'll risk ye," said Jack. "When ye kem back I want ye to be able to tell me all thet has happened since ye left. Everything, remember."

He repeated this to Ralph more than a dozen times, and once he added:

"An' ef ye come back an' tell me Karl Lorraine is dead I'll give ye a hundred dollars."

Then he went on to say:

"Never ask where the Silversail is bound or the object of her v'yage. This is the condition upon which ye air 'lowed to ship. Ef ye break this promise, which I made fer ye, ye air to be put to death!

"All ye air to do is to watch. Everything said or done ye air to bring back to me. An' ef thet boy cap'en gives ye a paper, get it to me as soon as possible. Ef I am dead when ye get back, burn it without readin' it."

Nancy, when the time of parting came, was more loath to part with the boys than she had thought possible to feel. As she kissed Ned farewell he felt a tear fall upon his cheek.

Jack allowed little time for sentiment, however, but hurried them off to the brig, to give them in his bluff way an introduction to the youthful commander.

Then, bidding them to be of good cheer, to do their duty, and remember all he had told them, he wrung their hands for the last time.

A moment later he disappeared over the ship's rail, and the boys felt as if their last friend had left them.

At that moment Ned felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder, and turning about he stood face to face with his most dreaded foe, Zack Deems!

CHAPTER V.

A STARTLING SITUATION.

A sound not unlike the growl of a bear issued from the thick lips of Zack Deems as he gazed upon Ned.

"Ye hyur?" he demanded. "What does this mean?"

An order from the young commander at that moment calling the sailors to their task of getting the brig under way saved Ned a reply, though he could not help feeling that Deems' presence on the ship meant him evil.

Karl spoke pleasantly to the wondering boys, said there would be nothing for them to do that night, and they could turn in if they wished.

But they preferred to remain on deck, at least for a time. A couple of the seamen accordingly carried their chests below, while they became spectators of the following scenes.

The steady dip of Jack's oars grew fainter until the sounds were no longer heard.

Then a sudden splash of the water broke the silence, and the vessel began to move.

"Shake out her yards there, lads, lively!" said Karl.

Stirring work followed.

Sailors sprang up the yards with cat-like agility, and in a trice the sails were hanging in festoons, swaying and flapping heavily as the breeze began to fill them. Others of the crew on deck caught hold of the sheets, long ropes running from the lower ends of the sails, to stretch great squares of white canvas between the yards.

Then the proud Silversail bowed her lofty masts under the weight of her top, and, trembling fore and aft for a moment, gained her equilibrium to bound swiftly forward toward the open sea, the white foam parting under her cutwater in huge flakes.

In the semi-darkness, of course, the boys could see nothing plainly, though as the shadowy outlines of the land grew fainter in the distance they could but realize that the gallant Silversail was fast leaving the bay.

The Point of Pines was the last vestige of land seen by them—perhaps forever!

In vain would the wondering inhabitants of Gray Gull look at daybreak for the strange ship, which had gone as mysteriously as she had come in the night.

Officers and crew were too busy to notice the boys, and, their minds filled with conflicting emotions, Ned and Ralph were silent, the latter beginning to regret the step he had so thoughtlessly taken.

"I presume these are the newcomers on the Silversail?"

The boys started with surprise at the sound of a low, musical voice near at hand.

Then they beheld a lovely maid of not more than sixteen, her dark eyes fixed on them.

She laughed lightly as she saw their looks of wonder.

"You did not think anyone was so near," she said, softly, "but you looked so forlorn I could not refrain from speaking to you. I hope you will forgive me if I have done wrong."

"With pleasure," stammered Ned.

"And you must not think me rude. I am Karl's sister. He said I might speak to you. He and the men are very busy now. As soon as we get fairly under way he will come to you. Have either of you been to sea before?"

"Oh, yes; I have—lots," replied Ralph, eager to gain favor in her eyes. "I am quite an old salt."

"Really," she said, apparently pleased; "then you will find it more pleasant. I suppose you would have no trouble in reefing or rigging out a stormsail boom?"

"No," faltered Ralph, completely bewildered by her words.

"And you?" she asked, turning to Ned.

"Have never been out of sight of land."

"Oh, well, you will learn to like a life on the ocean wave," and she laughed merrily. "We are a happy company."

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts are boundless and our souls are free."

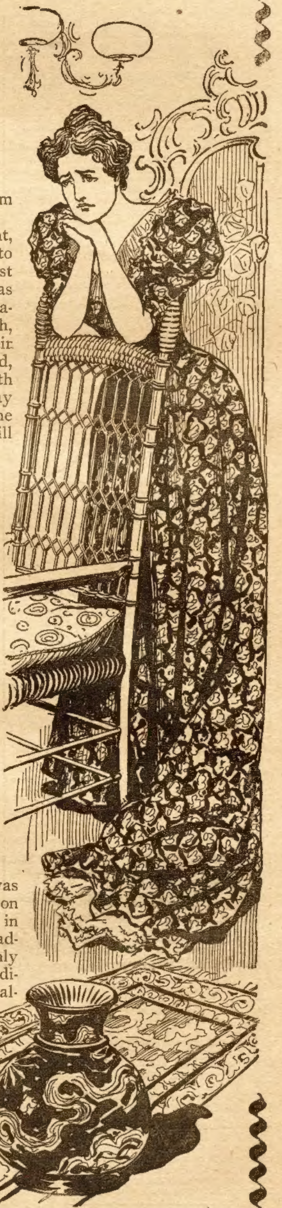
"Then it was you we heard singing?" Ned said.

"Very likely. Karl complains sometimes I am so noisy; but I can no more help my outbursts of songs than can the wild songsters, though I can lay no claim to any of their melody. But," and here her voice had a charming earnestness, "my poor song has found its reward, for I know I shall like you and you shall be my king."

Ralph looked annoyed at the merry words spoken half in jest, half in earnest. He liked the bewitching maiden, only he preferred to be the object of her favor. Wishing to change the subject, he asked:

"Perhaps you will tell us where the Silversail is bound? Do you know? I hope it is to the South sea, for——"

The change which came over her countenance checked his speech, and caused him to shrink back in silence. Her smile had vanished and her face had lost its sweetness as she said:



Woman's Dread

The terror of many women's lives is menstruation.

Such women wear themselves out with suffering and seem to think there is no relief from the monthly pains.

Miss Emily F. Hass, of 148 Freeman Street, Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I wish to state that I used your Vegetable Compound with the greatest success. I was very sick for nearly a year with hysteria, was downhearted and nervous; also suffered with painful menstruation and pain in back and limbs. I often wished for death, thinking nothing would cure me. I had doctors, but their medicines did me no good. At last, by the advice of a friend, I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, with very little hope of its doing me any good, but I am happy to say I am entirely cured. Thanking you for the good your medicine has done me, I am sending you my testimonial, hoping it will help others."

Special advice for every suffering woman can be secured free of cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for it.

Mrs. C. D. Smith, 221 Eleventh Street, Racine, Wis., writes: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I gladly give you my testimonial in favor of your remedies. When I first commenced your treatment I had been suffering from female troubles and weakness for some time. Menses were irregular, coming too often, and were very painful. I could not walk a great distance, had those terrible bearing-down feelings in the lower part of bowels, backache, and pain in left ovary. I used five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and my menses have become regular, and am cured of that bearing-down feeling after walking. I consider your Compound one of the best medicines there is for those complaints peculiar to women. I thank you for the good advice you gave me. I will gladly recommend your medicine, and hope that every one who suffers as I did will give it a trial."

To sacrifice beauty, disposition and health to a false idea is folly. Generations of ignorance have handed down belief in the necessity of monthly suffering. A healthy woman should experience but little pain and only a moderate amount of inconvenience.

Mrs. Van Cleft Advises Women.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—For several years my health was miserable. I suffered the most dreadful pains, and was almost on the verge of insanity. I consulted one of the best physicians in New York, and he pronounced my disease a fibroid tumor, advising an operation without delay, saying that it was my only chance for life. Other doctors prescribed strong and violent medicine, and one said I was incurable, another told me my only salvation was galvanic batteries, which I tried, but nothing relieved me. One day a friend called and begged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began its use and took several bottles. From the very first bottle there was a wonderful change for the better. The tumor has disappeared entirely and my old spirits have returned. I heartily recommend your medicine to all suffering women."—Mrs. Van Cleft, 416 Saunders Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound---A Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

"Do you know that the gentleman who obtained your passage promised that question should not be asked?"

Ralph hung his head, for he knew he had disobeyed his uncle's injunction, repeated many times.

"Never mind," she said quickly, speaking as lightly as ever, while the smile returned to her sunny countenance; "I do not wonder at your curiosity. But only Karl and I know whither the Silversail is destined. I will tell you, however, the voyage is to be a long one, and that you are to see strange lands and sights.

"There, don't look so sober, for we allow no one to be low spirited on the Silversail. Tomorrow you will be playing hide and seek among her yards."

A sailor's watch and ward I keep!
My home is on the boundless deep;
The morning's light I first behold,
And last the sunset's changing gold;
The sailor lad am I.

The wide, wide sea is my domain,
From whence the storm cloud seeks the plain,
And sweeping north and south along
It bears the burden of my song—
The sailor lad am I!

Here lies the tempest's fountain head,
The tide is asleep in its ocean bed,
Anon it wakes the rugged earth,
I drink its health, I join its mirth—
The sailor lad am I!

By this time the Silversail was bowling along before a freshening breeze at a flying rate.

The sailors had rigged out stu'n'stail booms, one sail after another fastened to long, thin ropes, and hauled up to the ends of the studding sail, until in the pale starlight the clouds of canvas fairly enveloped the vessel's hull.

"We are at last well under way," said the maiden. "Nor shall I be sorry to feel once more old ocean's breath. I hope you will catch some of the spirit I feel, for I should be sorry to have one gloomy soul on our ship. But here comes brother Karl, and I will leave you to his entertainment."

Thrown into a state of mind which would be hard to describe, the boys saw her disappear down the companionway as the sound of footsteps grew plainer.

"Ain't she nice?" said Ralph. "I guess she thinks I'm purty smart, too, by the way she looked up when I spoke of the South sea and——"

The sound of the newcomer was so near that Ralph ended abruptly his speech, and both turned to meet the young commander, as they expected.

Instead of Captain Karl they were surprised—ay, startled—at the strange, wild-looking figure before them.

He had suddenly stopped, as if not expecting to meet them, with a fierce, burning light in his sunken eyes.

He was tall, with a spare form and haggard countenance, nearly covered with a long beard. His hair fell far down his stooping shoulders, and that as well as his whiskers were streaked with white threads.

As he gazed upon the boys his frame shook as if beset by a strong force, and his long arms moved up and down convulsively.

"Let's run!" gasped the terrified Ralph.

The stranger, who seemed like a madman, had fixed his fearful gaze upon Ned, who stood as if riveted to the spot.

"At last!" he cried, in a low, hoarse tone, and then, with his flail-like arms outstretched and bony fingers working spasmodically, he sprang upon Ned as if he would tear him limb from limb!

The continuation of this captivating story will be found in next week's Ledger. Special premium offer on page fifteen.

How They Like Her.

The young man was in a glow of enthusiasm as he returned to his home after escorting his fiancee to her abode.

She had just made a formal call upon "his folks," and he was dashing back to hear their praises of his divinity.

As he put his key into the front door some demon—he thought it a good fairy at the time—whispered him to go in quietly and overhear their delighted comments.

So he sneaked into the library adjoining the dining room and sat down unseen and unheard, with an expectant smile upon his face.

Mamma's voice was the first that reached him:

"She seems a pretty little thing, but what a weak chin she's got."

Then his sister Clara:

"Do you call her pretty? Well, I'm sure I don't. Why, her nose is like a button."

Whom could they be talking of?

"I don't think she has a good complexion. Why, as she sat by the window her face was the color of saleratus biscuit."

This was the voice of his sister Mary.

"Oh, well," broke in mamma; "there's no use trying to say anything to Horace, though I do wish he had selected a more stylish girl."

He was Horace. Great heavens! They were talking about her.

He bit a corner of a blotting pad, while his thoughts were those of a pirate.

"And did you notice her earrings?" queried Clara. "I never saw such old-fashioned things in my life."

"I don't believe her family amounts to much," said Mary. "I met her mother at Mrs. Broun's last sociable, and she struck me as being awfully dowdy. Still, I suppose we'll have to receive them."

The young man burst in upon them like a whirlwind.

"No, you won't," he screamed, as he fairly danced with rage. "No, you won't! She shall never step foot in this house again! Why, she could buy and sell you all in the matter of good looks, dresses, family, noses, and complexion, and when it comes to mammas"—here his voice rose to a shriek—"why, she could give you all cards and spades and beat you hands down!"

And he dashed out of the house in a frenzy, while the women looked at each other and wondered if poor Horace had taken to drink already upon discovering how inferior his fiancee was to his own mother and sisters.

◆

The queen of Greece spends a deal of her time in fancy needlework and is said to be the finest royal needlewoman in Europe.

SPECIALTY CHRONIC DISEASES

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY
FOR THE BLOOD, LIVER, LUNGS.

Advanced Medical Science knows of no more powerful alterative medicine than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Alterative medicines, so-called because they alter or change the condition of the system, have ranked among the most valued of medicines prescribed by physicians. It is by the skillful and scientific combination of several such alteratives that Dr. Pierce has produced an alterative remedy, having the specific value of each ingredient and the combined and concentrated power of all these alteratives in union, which are so blended and so balanced, that they unite the greatest delicacy of operation with the utmost healing power. It is these facts which give this greatest of alteratives a genuine claim to the title of a "Discovery."

The action of "Golden Medical Discovery" is primarily directed to the stomach and the nutritive or digestive system. Here is a common starting place of disease.

What "Weak Stomach" Means.

There never was a strong man with a "weak stomach." And a so-called weak stomach may and often does mean weak heart, weak liver or weak lungs. Why? Because in the stomach the nourishment for each organ of the body is prepared, and from the stomach it is distributed. Bread kneaded in a sour trough will take on the taint of the trough. Food mixed and prepared in a tainted stomach will take the taint and poison of that stomach all over the system, to finally lodge at the weakest point of some weak organ. Hence it is that in curing the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and in increasing the activity of the blood-making glands, "Golden Medical Discovery" at once begins to send throughout the body an increased supply of pure blood, because the blood is made from the food taken into the stomach, and with the "weak stomach" made strong and foul blood made pure, comes a change to other organs which gather strength to throw off disease. "Golden Medical Discovery" works with Nature; it puts into Nature's hand the only weapon with which she can fight disease.

SIXTEEN YEARS OF SUFFERING.

The power of the "Discovery" is best exemplified in its cures of chronic cases, where after years of suffering, and when doctors had utterly failed to help, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made a perfect and permanent cure. Such a case is that of Mrs. Suggs.

"For the past sixteen years I have had torpid liver and indigestion and tried many doctors and patent medicines but I could not get a cure," writes Mrs. Simeon Suggs, of Clyde, Sabine Parish, La. "Three months ago I thought I would try Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I got six bottles of each and I received a good result in a week, and to-day I am cured sound and well. The symptoms were coated tongue, specks before the eyes, disposed to be cross and irritable, foul stomach, bad taste in mouth, tired feeling, a feeling of fear or dread, headache, yellow skin, etc. These symptoms did not all appear at once."

There are thousands of people struggling along day after day, handicapped by disease who could be made healthy and happy by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery." It has cured ninety-eight people in every hundred who have given it a fair and faithful trial. The trouble is that so many of these people have become hopeless. They have dribbled away the savings of years in doctors' fees, and without any improvement. They are fixed in the belief that their cases are a little different from anybody's else. And those are the very people that "Discovery" cures. It's the people whose diseases are just a little different, and who are given up by doctors, the people whose diseases are chronic, and who try "Golden Medical Discovery" as a last resort, that form the bulk of that great army of the cured which numbers over half-a-million persons. It is absolutely impossible to have a strong body where there is a "weak stomach" or good health where there is bad blood. The use of the "Discovery" may be an experiment with you, but the experience of others surely warrants the experiment.

"I can say honestly that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the greatest medicine ever compounded for purifying the blood," writes Miss Annie Wells, of Fergusson's Wharf, Isle of Wight Co., Va. "I suffered terribly with rheumatism, and pimples on the skin and swelling in my knees and feet so that I could not walk. I spent about twenty dollars paying doctors' bills but received no benefit. About a year ago I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription,' and am entirely cured."

But the most remarkable feature of the cures produced by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" is where the lungs are "weak."

Proof Positive.

Here is found fullest demonstration of the theory that if you can supply Nature with the needed nourishment she will build up the waste places of the body into health and wholeness. And here again it is proved that the "Discovery" does supply in the most perfect form that nourishment which Nature uses to effectually renew the broken down organs of the body. Those who have suffered with obstinate coughs, hemorrhages, bronchial affections, emaciation, night sweats, weakness, and like conditions which when neglected or improperly treated end in consumption, have found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery perfect health.

"Last spring I was taken with severe pains in my chest, and was so weak I could hardly walk about the house," says Mrs. G. E. Kerr, of Fort Dodge, Webster Co., Iowa. "I tried several physicians and they told me I had consumption. I heard of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I thought I would try some of it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was very much better; I took five bottles of it and have not yet had any return of the trouble."

"After using about five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery my boy seems to be all right," writes Mr. J. W. Price, of Ozark, Monroe Co., Ohio. "He was very bad when I commenced to give him the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The doctors claimed he had consumption and we doctored with them until he was past walking. It has been ten mouths since he stopped taking your medicine and he is still in good health. We are very thankful to you for saving our son."

"Last spring I wrote you in regard to my health which at that time was very poor," writes Mrs. Mettie M. Barnes, of Garfield, Pawnee Co., Kansas. "My trouble was bronchial affection. Symptoms, spitting of blood almost every morning for five years, shortness of breath, raw and sore throat, loss of strength, at times almost loss of voice, irregular periods—in fact I thought I was surely going into consumption. We lived in Ohio when I consulted you. You advised me to give Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a trial, which I did, and with happy results. I got two bottles just before we started for Kansas. I did not feel as if I ever would get there, but we arrived and I used the two bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and health returned as I used the medicine. I have only raised blood three times since I began using it. My periods are regular, strength returned, and I am almost a new person. I have all faith in Dr. Pierce's medicine. I know of a lady that was cured of consumption by this same 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and she always sings its praise."

IS NOT A WHISKY MEDICINE.

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" CONTAINS NEITHER ALCOHOL NOR NARCOTICS.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

A BUTTERFLY'S GIFTS

How a Man Was Saved From Suicide—A Fashionable Woman's Heart.

The fallibility of human judgment is a deplorable reality; but the trend of one's decisions is largely a matter of habit. That habit, with many people, is either to be lined up among the pillars of optimism, or else to be enrolled in letters of red on the books of the opposing party. The cast iron finality with which most people settle everything from moral complications to coffee grounds would make a United States chief justice turn pale with awe.

There are kindly souls whose heart strings are so sweetly turned that nothing can strike a harsh chord from them, but in this world they are like sweet dreams born of a stormy night—and their judgment is not very valuable. Then there are people who appear to put on a solid steel frame work. Their mentality is razor-edged, and their hearts are hard; but the best judges are those who draw one premise from the head, and one from the heart for their conclusions. However, there is nothing that so affects the courage of one's opinions as that fickle and elastic word "circumstance."

Of all the subjects variously shot at, there is probably not one that could collect a more variegated and elaborate set of opinions expressed about itself, than "the society girl." By many people she is invariably put down as a flimsy combination of late hours, gauzy gowns and gossip. But to judge her singly, and to put her down in the concrete under such a head, is about as just as to say that because one Smith was a pirate, therefore lock up your silver when anybody by the name of Smith happens in. The society girl is as various as the figures on a government salary list, and, like it, includes most every kind of combination. However, in appearance she is but a slightly individualized variation of a conventional pattern, and it is because of this that errors in judgment regarding her so often occur.

Miss Thornby was a veritable butterfly (so every one said), with a fortune at the command of her own capricious fancy. Judson had never seen her, but he had heard of her, for the humble cottage that treasured all he had in the world belonged to her. The usual kindly light had long since died out of Judson's eyes, and the only sparkle that ever came from them glanced from a silent tear. The winter was not yet over, but the poor commissioners' funds were ehausted. There was no work to be had; no one to look for help; and three tiny babes and an invalid wife to care for.

One of the children had just opened the stove door and put something in. Judson looked away from it to his wife. Their eyes met in silent converse. It was the last stick of wood and they were both thinking of it.

"Never mind, John," said his wife, in a faint, broken voice. "Perhaps something will come to us before the day is over."

A few gruff, inarticulate words were all he could offer. Judson was strong and ablebodied, but misfortune had so bound him down that he was as helpless as the little toddler that tugged in vain at his boot strap.

Suddenly he got up from his chair and left the house—leaving no word as to where he was going. He was frenzied with grief, and, laboring under excessive energy of strained emotion, walked briskly and fast, finally reached his destination—the Thornby home—a magnificent stone structure, at the sides of which the splendid lawn stretched away for hundreds of feet.

Judson's frenzy hardened into anger as he realized the unjust fate that had made her an heiress, and him, the guardian of so many tender, innocent dependents, a pauper!

"It is useless," he said to himself, despairingly, "to ask help here, but it is my last chance."

He even thought the echo of his footsteps mocked him as he pressed the bell he wished that it might be the knell that would summon her and all like her to another world.

It was just 9 o'clock. Miss Thornby had just finished dressing for the ball when the maid rapped at her door and said:

"There's a working man down in the hall that insists on seeing you, and says he won't go away till he does."

"What in the world can he want of me?" said she, and then added: "Well, if he won't go away take him into the library, and I'll be there in a moment."

Soon she came fluttering in, in a cloud of tulle and ablaze with diamonds. Judson had never seen such a vision and he hated her more than ever. He wanted to strangle her and to wrench off her jewels to sell for bread to feed his starving family. He stood near the door, with his cap in his hand, and was looking half-doggedly out from his half-bowed head when Mis Thornby crossed to where he stood and said with the airiest good nature:

"Did you wish to see me, sir?"

Her tone confused him. Somehow he had expected to be ill-treated, if not ordered out.

"Yes, miss, I came to ask if you would let us stay a little longer in your house. I am out of work and cannot pay the rent, and your agent is going to turn us into the street tomorrow."

"My agent is going to put you out of your house?" said she, excitedly.

"Out of your house," he corrected.

"Why, how perfectly horrible," she said, in amazement.

Judson caught a ray of hope in her sympathetic manner and urged on by it, he went on rapidly:

"If you'll only let me stay in a little longer mebbe I can get work soon, and then, miss, I'll pay you as fast as I can. It's hard enough to starve——"

"To starve!" she echoed, dropping her hands and staring at the man, as though straining her mind to conceive the idea.

"Yes, miss," said Judson, in a low, resolute voice. "My wife, and the children and me—we are starving."

Miss Thornby looked at him with unaccustomed but sincere distress. Suddenly she crossed the room to the writing desk.

"Here," said she, handing him a leaf from a check book. "I hope this will help you out. I am very sorry that it happened. I didn't know that I had an agent that would be so cruel. I am very sorry for you."

Judson was overwhelmed with grateful surprise. He did not know how the check read, but he knew by Miss Thornby's generous manner that it was enough to help him out of his trouble.

Miss Thornby was scarcely conscious of having conferred a favor, the effort had been so slight, until she saw the man's trembling hand as he took the paper from her, and listened to his tearful voice as he thanked her again and again.

Judson went hurriedly down the street in the effort to reach the first electric light. There he stopped to read the number on the check. He read it once, and then looked closely and carefully at it again. His heart gave a sudden bound. There was no mistake—it read "one hundred dollars."

Judson's angry thoughts of a few moments before flashed over him and struck him to the heart. His eyes filled with tears.

"God bless her!" said he, prayerfully; "she has saved me from something worse than death——" and so she had, for Judson had made up his mind not to let his little ones live to suffer starvation.

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Little Helps.

Every morning, after the baby's hair has been washed and well brushed, do not leave it nice and smooth and tidy, but with the tips of the fingers rub the head all over very gently with a short, circular motion from right to left. This causes the root of the haid to twist, and curly hair will be the result.

If an insect of any description gets into a child's ear lay him down on his side with the affected ear uppermost, and fill it with a teaspoonful either of warm water or sweet oil. This will have the effect of carrying the creature out of the ear, and the child will at once be relieved.

Little ones in their play are most liable to receive bruises, which, left unattended, result in unsightly discolorations upon the soft young flesh. Mothers should make a note of the fact that a little fresh butter or olive oil applied instantly to the skin and frequently renewed assuages the pain, heals the flesh and prevents the bruise from being one of long duration.

Keep babies as much as possible like little animals; let them sleep and eat. Keep them in cool, well-ventilated rooms. If a baby is too much talked to its brain is apt to be too active and it will not be able to sleep as much as is necessary. If this be continued by the time the child is five or six years old it has an old and drawn look upon its little face, which has no right to be there. Let the baby grow naturally; it is not advisable for him to be too sharp at an early age. A little dullness now gives him a better chance of being smart later on.

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Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 121 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

Her Stratagem.

Maud Cheviot was standing in her friend's boudoir.

"The plan succeeded," she said to her hostess, "beautifully. There is your ring, and thank you so much. I shall always in some sort owe you much of my happiness, you know. It is a pretty ring. I hope your fiance may never object to my temporary use of it. Tom proposed twenty-four hours after he saw it on my finger.

"It is always the way with men. When they think they have lost you, they find they wanted you all the time, and now, you see, I have got a real engagement ring of my own; not yours, dear. But—we're to be married in three months. You must come to the wedding. Tom has very, very much to thank you for—or your ring. He shall know that some day."

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German experimenters have succeeded in producing an alloy of aluminium, the precise composition of which is not revealed, that is said to be superior in many respects to pure aluminium. The statement is made that this alloy, which goes under the name of vastadium, weighs only one-third as much, bulk for bulk, as aluminium. It is white, can be easily polished, and does not tarnish on exposure to the air.

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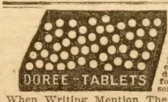

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1 Kinps.
2 Raste.
3 Pppoy.
4 Ysnap.
5 Goldmari.
6 Ginmorn Goryl.
7 Sepa Etwes.
8 Uns Wolfer.

EVERYBODY IS GUARANTEED A PRIZE

Who succeeds in naming Four or more of the Flowers.

REMEMBER If you send a Correct List you receive $250 in gold. If more than one sends a correct list, the amount will be equally divided. If you name four or more of the flowers in the list, you receive, as a

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one of the following: Building Lot, Watch, Bicycle, Tea Set or Jewelry, etc. If two or more tie for any large prize, the prize or its equivalent in cash will be equally divided. Do not send any money with your answer. All we ask is that if successful, you agree to get two friends to subscribe to our Popular Monthly Magazine, THE WOMANS HOME JOURNAL.

HOW THE AWARDS ARE TO BE MADE.

As soon as possible after your answer can be reached after its receipt by us, it will be given in charge of the Awarders for examination as to its correctness. Then you will receive direct from the Awarders their report in a Sealed Envelope. Could anything be Fairer? Send in your list at once, together with a self-addressed stamped envelope, and win one of these Fine Prizes.

THE WOMANS HOME JOURNAL,
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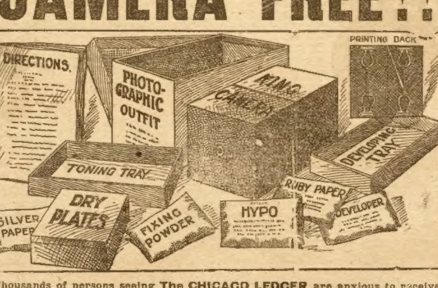

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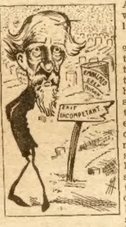
THE PASSING SHOW.

Alger Incompetent.

As was to be expected, the report of the commission appointed by the president to investigate the conduct of the war department gives Alger a liberal coat of whitewash, and yet the coat is not so thick that Alger stands purely white before the public.

Appointed by the administration for the purpose of sustaining the administration, the commission has failed to find any substantial truth in the charges of inefficiency on the part of the war department. The facts that soldiers died of neglect, that they were served with food unfit to eat, herded in pest camps and shipped like cattle in pest ships are denied, and that is supposed to settle the matter.



As a matter of fact the question is far from settled. There are hundreds of fathers and mothers who know from sad, many of them from heartbreaking experience that their sons were neglected and treated with great inhumanity during the war with Spain.

But in spite of its great anxiety to exonerate the administration from all blame, or rather to prove that no blame should be attached to the administration, the commission was forced by the facts to say:

"In the judgment of the commission there was lacking in the general administration of the war department during the continuance of the war with Spain that grasp of the situation which was essential to the highest efficiency and discipline of the army."

This is a serious charge, although couched in the most conservative language.

In plain terms, Alger was incompetent. He lacked that grasp of the situation which would have rendered the work of the army fully efficient.

Alger stands impeached by the commission appointed to defend him as a man unequal to the task he had assumed. If Alger has any sense of propriety he will resign.

◆

The Gallows for Burglars.

If the bill making the burglarious entrance of a dwelling house a capital offense, as it was over a century ago, should pass, the number of burglaries would not decrease, for there would be no convictions under the law. It is hard enough to get a modern jury to impose the death penalty even in a murder case. No twelve men, unless all of them had suffered much at the hands of burglars, would agree on a capital sentence where the offender had done no more than break into a house and steal some money.

◆

"A First-Class Fighting Man."

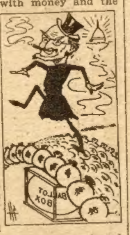
The volunteer is making a splendid record for himself in those savage battles near Manila. The regular troops have been doing their full share in their usual business-like fashion and are adding to the reputations gained in the Cuban campaign. But the volunteer soldiery, which labors under obvious disadvantages as compared with regular regiments, is rather improving on former records.

◆

Senatorial Elections.

No one is blind to the evils of the existing plan of electing United States senators. The system is known to be corrupting, disturbing, demoralizing. Legislative sessions are thrown into a fever of excitement, members are bribed with money and the spoils of office, legislation is neglected or enacted without due consideration, and log-rolling combinations are made under which worthy measures may be defeated and vicious bills enacted.

Yet the system goes on, and it is feared it will continue, because it suits some powerful interests. The rich man of political ambition likes it, because it affords him a chance to buy a seat in the senate. It suits the political boss, who knows he could not be elected by direct vote at the hustings. And it is dear to the great corporate interests and trusts of the country. These interests are well intrenched. They want only to be "let alone" They can thrive amazingly under the laws established, and they want no changes. The senate as now constituted is their stronghold. The people can not get at them.



A voice more vehement than the present feeble outcry will be required to break up the existing system. There must be long agitation, and some day a great uprising at the ballot box, before the election of United States senators will be passed over to the people.

People Talked About.

Rider Haggard thinks Egypt the most interesting country in the world.

The Prince of Wales' breakfast never varies. It consists of tea, toast and one egg.

John Ruskin invariably dines in solitude, for he finds that conversation has a bad effect upon his digestion.

Andrew Spence is said to be the only missionary-cyclist in the world. He travels in California, where he has met with remarkable success in his work.

Rudyard Kipling works ten hours every day, or, usually sits at his desk until the small hours of the morning.

Paderewski daily goes through a regular set of gymnastics for the purpose of strengthening his arms and hands for the task they are called upon to perform. He employs an apparatus which he designed himself, and the secret of which he carefully preserves.

◆

Encouraging.

The rapprochement between Gomez and the American authorities in Cuba is very agreeable to the United States. It indicates that the work of reconstruction in the island will be much easier than some persons supposed. All the distrust for the Americans which was at any time felt by any element of the Cuban population is apparently fast disappearing. The sentiment in favor of annexation is growing rapidly.

◆

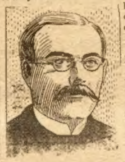
No "Conference" Needed.

In refusing to treat with Aguinaldo General Otis displays the resolution and common sense that were to have been expected of him. There can no more be a conference, properly speaking, with Aguinaldo, than there could be with any other violator of the laws who had incited an armed mob to begin the murdering of American soldiers in the night.

◆

Near View of Kipling.

Imagine a short, thick-set man, with full figure and round, ruddy face, dressed with absolute style and cleanliness, but without apparent taste. That is Kipling as his Brattleboro friends know him. He is scrupulously exact in his dress, appearing at noon lunch and evening dinner in equally careful costume. His habits of work seem, from the outside at least, to be rather irregular. He walks much about the country and in the woods, drives often, and seems always to have leisure. One is as apt to see him in the city, three miles from his hillside home, Naulahka, in the middle of the forenoon or early in the morning as at any other time, until it is evident that his literary work takes no regularly prescribed period of the day. Evenings are usually reserved for his family and the few friends he has in Brattleboro, and it may be taken for certain that not much work comes from his pen except during the day. This is Kipling two or three years ago. What he is today, crowned with still more conspicuous laurels, no one in America perhaps knows outside the immediate family.



◆

Turtles on Hire.

Quite a profitable business is done in some large towns by lending turtles to restaurants. They are permitted to remain in the windows for a few days, and are then taken to different parts of the city as advertisements for other eating houses.

◆

Skaguay.

Canada is showing a commendable disposition to improve upon the methods of the mother country. She is asking our consent before she grabs Skaguay.

◆

Level-Headed.

Dewey writes an intimate friend that he will under no circumstances be a candidate for president. The admiral's laurel crown settles more firmly than ever on his brow.

◆

Dull.

Aguinaldo now knows what it is to fool with the yankee buzz saw. But he may have a saw or two of his own back in the mountains.

◆

Called, Every Time.

It is to be noticed that in all of Spain's troubles Don Carlos has not been able to make progress beyond a bluff.

◆

A Factor for Temperance.

The price of whisky is speedily advancing. Some people will be inclined to praise the trust for this.

◆

Long Meter.

Rightly considered, Kipling's poem, "The White Man's Burden," is a pretty good missionary hymn.

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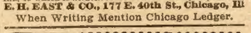

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